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THE ROSE OF EDEN.

Fair Eve knelt close by the guarded gate, in the glow of the Eastern spring,
She saw the flash of the angel's sword, and the sheen of the angel's wing;
She thought, as she held her sobbing breath, she could hear the happy signs
Of the tiny rivulets that fed the mosses of Paradise;
She knew how the birds were fluttering among the clustering flowers,
And gorgeous blooms, and arching trees that shadowed Eden's bowers.
And she cried aloud in an agony of wild remorseful prayer,
"Give me one bud, but one, but one, from the thousands that blossom there!"

He turned as he heard her piteous voice, in his grave angelic grace,
And he looked with a wistful tenderness on the beautiful woman's face;
And because it was so beautiful, and because she could not see
How fair were the pure white cyclamen crushed dying at her knee;
And because he knew this punishment through the weary years must burn,
That through all things sweet and good on earth her heart would for Eden yearn,
He gathered a rich red rose that grew where the four great rivers met,
And flung it to the frail, fatal hands that grasped imploring yet.

And though for many a cycle past that rose is dust has lain,
With her who bore it on her breast when she passed from life and pain,
There is never a daughter of Eve but once, ere the tale of her days is done,
She will know the scent of the Eden rose, just once beneath the sun!
And whatever else she may win or lose, endure, or do, or dare,
She will never forget the enchantment it gave to the common air;
For the world may give her content or joy, fame, sorrow, or sacrifice,
But the hour that brought the scent of the rose, she lived it in Paradise.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

"So you have known Miss Sylvester from a child!" exclaimed Mr. Pydar, with some curiosity. "The old gentleman is mighty close about that ward of his. Hadn't she a father or mother, or any one belonging to her then?"

"She was quite alone, as she is now," replied Maurice. "She had but her guardian, Mr. Lanyon."

"And who was her father?" asked the old justice, in a confidential whisper.

"An Indian officer, I believe," returned the young man, drawing slightly back from his questioner. "But, to let you into a secret, no one ever mentions him to his daughter, because the manner of his death was so distressing. He failed in some dangerous expedition on which he was sent, and he took this so much to heart, that he shot himself. Mind, I never heard this from Mr. Lanyon, so I cannot vouch for its truth. I had it from my sisters, who learned it from the lady at whose school Miss Sylvester was educated."

"Ah, that accounts for the little air of mystery there is around the young lady," said Justice Pydar, in a satisfied tone. "Poor girl! I am sorry for her; that may do her some harm now in her chance of matrimony. Many men would object to the daughter of a man who died by his own hand. You see it might be insanity."

"Or it might be only distress of mind," said Maurice, who had raked up this old story of Miss Sylvester's school-days, out of sheer vexation at the tone in which, for the second time this evening, her name had been mentioned to him. He knew the old justice would repeat it, but he thought that even a gloomy report of this kind would be better for the girl, than the vague shadow now lying over her.

"You were speaking just now," he continued, "of Mr. Lanyon's retirement from all public duties, and his lonely life at Penkivel. May not the sad death of his friend have had something to do with this?"

"It may, sir," replied the old justice in whose brain a new idea was slow to take root; "but I always set it down to—to that affair of the murder."

"How could that possibly affect Mr. Lanyon?" asked Maurice, in surprise.

Old Mr. Pydar gazed up at the magnificent ceiling of the library, then out at the wide doors to the reception-room beyond, where the dazzling company flitted to and fro, and finally he brought his eyes up to his own gouty feet.

"Upon my word I don't know that I can tell you the story here," he said; "it seems scarcely fair to rake up the past beneath a man's own roof."

"Do you mean to say," asked Maurice, with increased astonishment, "that Lord Crehylls——"

"Hush!" interrupted the old gentleman, anxiously. "I don't of course mean to say that Lord Crehylls was in any way accountable for the guilt of the wretched man who perished justly for his crime, but it is certain that he committed it in a frenzy of jealousy, and the common talk was that it was a mercy Lord Crehylls had escaped the same fate, for he was as jealous of him as of the man he slew."

Maurice Pellew bent forward to ask for further details of a story which interested him more than the old justice could imagine; but Lady Crehylls at that moment disengaged herself from a group standing beyond the doorway, and came towards him.

"Mr. Pellew," she said, "I have been looking for you everywhere, and at last Madeline told me you were here. Do you mean to desert the ball-room entirely?"

"Not if Lady Crehylls will favor me with a dance," returned the young man, rising, and offering her his arm.

"I am afraid I have promised more dances already than I shall be able to accomplish," she replied; "but I will carry you off a captive, notwithstanding. Mr. Pydar, I call you to account for keeping a good dancer so long inactive."

"Upon my word, it is not my fault," said the old gentleman. "Young men now-a-days are not what they were in my time." He kissed his hand gallantly in response to Lady Crehylls smile, saying to himself, as she and Maurice departed, "Well, she certainly is the loveliest woman I ever saw, except Mrs. Sherborne—yes, excepting her always. I am glad she carried off that young fellow: I really didn't want to rake up that old story again."

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning after the grand ball at Castle Crehylls. All in the house slept late except Madeline Sylvester; and she, with silent, but firm step, came down the great staircase ere yet a servant had stirred. Undoing the bolt of a glass door leading into a conservatory, she stepped out amongst the flowers without casting a glance upon their loveliness, and thence she went out upon the lawn. Here she turned suddenly, and with folded arms stood looking upon the stately pile, which rose before her grand and massive and glowing in the morning sun. It was with no painter's eye she scanned the noble building, it was scarcely even with a womanly glance that her eyes, deep and earnest, fixed themselves on the silent and sleeping mansion. As she turned at last, a long-drawn sigh fell from her lips.

"A noble place," she said, half audibly—"worthy of a noble line. If honor and truth had no other refuge upon earth, surely they would find their home beneath a roof like this.

"How easy for the noble, the wealthy, the honored to keep free from crime! Easy, do I say? Ah, rather let me cry how impossible it is, that the temptations which seize the outcast should ever touch their careless tranquility with a guilty shadow! But human justice never heeds this difference; it punishes the sin, and counts not the strength of the temptation. Now, if a man in case of life, dreaming away his days in the silken rest of rank and riches, were suddenly to lift his hand against another, the blind law would reckon his guilt no greater than the poor shivering wretch, whom gaunt famine and hard despair had driven into crime. The sentence, perhaps in either case, would be the same. That is injustice—rank injustice! But the suffering"—here the girl stopped, and turned her eyes again upon the glistening castle—"ah, the suffering—supposing the owner of such a pile as that could be guilty of a poor man's sins—would, I grant, be ten times greater—as much greater as the guilt would be. And so nature would mend the law, and make the sentence equal."

She walked on quickly after saying this, with her eyes upon the ground, and a certain trembling on her lip, which in a weaker woman might soon have turned to tears; but she shook the weakness off with a slight shiver only, as she drew her cloak around her, saying firmly as she went on, "I do not complain,—I have no right to murmur. It is just that I should suffer. Every man knows that his deeds live after him in the happiness or the misery of his children; and this knowledge did not hold back my father's hand. Well, then 'tis he that has shaped my life, and put this horror in my blood; and I must bear it as I can. I must walk beneath the cloud and the shadow of his guilt all my life long. He had no mercy on me; no thought of his innocent child stayed his reckless hand. Then why should the world pity me? Pity! ah no, I will never ask it for pity."

Faster still she hurried on now, never lifting her eyes from off the ground to meet the flushed and rosy sky, never heeding the long dewy lights upon the grass, which quivering met her feet, as she passed on sombrely beneath the shadow of stately trees. Thus she crossed the park, regardless of all its beauty, only staying once when a browsing herd of deer, startled by her presence, dashed by with a sudden rush, turning their brown eyes meekly on her as they passed.

"Poor frighted things," she said, "they little know how much happier they are than the miserable, helpless creature whom they fear!"

She leant against a chestnut tree as they went by, and she stood here a minute listlessly, with the shadows of the broad leaves falling darkly on her beautiful pale face. These, or the gloom of her own thoughts, made her shiver, and stepping out from the shade of the great tree, she walked on in a blaze of sunshine, with a lark high above head singing a sweet shrill song, which fell down upon her ears in dewy music, fresh and clear as the morning light. Up, up into the bright blue soared the tiny bird, bearing with him a long stream of melody rippling with a thousand notes of joy, which stirred the air with expectant gladness as they quivered down from the azure sky. And beneath the music, and in the sunshine, proud, bitter and joyless Madeline Sylvester walked onwards to one terrible spot, which she had heard of but not seen, and which her resolute soul had determined her eyes should behold for themselves and not through the report of another.

* * * * *

In the great wood of Crehylls, almost three miles from the castle, there ran brawling a narrow and shallow stream, strewn with rocks; its banks were high and irregular, parts being wooded to the very edge, while, in other places, its precipitous sides were bare and rugged, standing up like miniature cliffs, clothed only with scanty hazel bushes, or here and there a gay tuft of heath. But at one spot, where a certain bend brought the stream into a wider channel there was a singular rent in the rocks or a wall hemming it in; the cliffs here seemed split in twain, clearing a path, as it were, for a wayfarer to a ford, across which ran a succession of flattened rocks like stepping-stones. On the opposite side a similar opening in the rocks led the wanderer up a rugged path, into the footway, which wound through wood, towards the sea, whose waves, to a listening ear, joined like a distant murmur with the sighing of leaf and branch.

In all the wood there was scarcely a more secluded or more beautiful spot than this little ford; and yet, as Madeline approached it through the steep and lonely path, her heart violently, and her whole frame trembled. She was on the left bank, but the current drifted towards the right, and there was always a perceptible difference between the two shores; notably so here at the ford, where it descended on the left through a dense wood, while on the opposite side lay a kind of reach bordered by a sloping bank of soft turf. On this there was cut neatly a long cross, which, leaving exposed the white rock beneath, glistened painfully on the eye as the sun struck it.

Seeing this glittering through the leaves, as she drew near, Madeline stopped suddenly, and covered her face with her hands. She did not weep or cry, yet her whole aspect was one of drear and dreadful grief, and when at last her hands dropped down by her side in an attitude of despair, her face and lips were colorless. Still, between the leafy screen, the cross gleamed and glared upon her eyesight, while the rippling sound of the little waves upon the beach, and the rustle of innumerable leaves, alone broke the stillness, save when some huge roller rushed with mighty roar upon the distant cliff, and mingled his hoarse murmur with these softer sounds. This lone cry of the ocean, terrible in its suggestiveness of strength and woe, seemed to Madeline like the wail of her own soul, as, pent up in silence, it swelled beneath its storm of grief. And thus the great drear roar of the sullen sea, soothed her; and with that strange, immovable calm, which Maurice Pellew had called Egyptian, set again upon her face like a steadfast mask, she walked firmly on the edge of the shining water; but ere her foot had touched the first stepping-stone, a voice had accosted her, and, looking up, she saw Maurice Pellew.

"It needed but this," murmured Madeline to herself, bitterly, "that I should find him here. Well, I can bear this too, and yet live."

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure," cried Maurice, as, descending the bank hastily, he ran forward, and held out his hand to assist Madeline in crossing the brook; but, not heeding his proffered aid, she stepped lightly over the rocks, and stood in a moment by his side. Then she gave him her hand, greeting him with a calm and grave courtesy more befitting a matron than a girl. Yet her heart stood still as the clasp of his warm fingers thrilled her veins, and she resisted with iron force a passionate desire to cry aloud in his ears all her anguish and pain.

"You startled me a little, Mr. Pellew," she said quietly. "I thought I was the only one at the Castle whom the bright morning had tempted out so early."

"To tell the truth, I have not slept at all," replied Maurice. "As I watched the carriages drive away, I saw the sun rise gloriously, and felt more inclined for a stroll than for slumber. So I came on here."

"And why here?" asked Madeline, lifting her eyes slowly from the ground, and fixing them on his face.

"I ask the same question," said Maurice, laughing. "Why has Miss Sylvester chosen this solitary walk?"

A strange look sprang into Madeline's grey eyes, and a rush of color mounted to her brow, leaving her like marble as it faded.

"I suppose I was brought here," she replied, coldly, turning from him.

The young man misinterpreted instantly her emotions and her displeasure.

"Surely, Miss Sylvester" he cried, eagerly, "you cannot think I am such a coxcomb as to imagine——"

"That I followed your steps, knowing you to be here?" interrupted Madeline with the utmost composure. "No, indeed, Mr. Pellew; I do more justice to your understanding than to look on you in the light of a coxcomb. Good-bye—I am going on to the sea."

"Then you will let me walk with you?" he exclaimed. "I was thinking of going to the cliffs myself. After a night of dancing and dance music, a sight of the sea will be more calming than sleep."

Madeline looked wistfully down the brook, and over the soft green bank, with a sligth shudder creeping over her frame.

"Yes," she said, dreamily, "the might and immensity of the sea soothe a vexed spirit strangely. Before such overpowering strength it is so useless to chafe; it is only weakness, Mr. Pellew, that frets at fate."

"But your fate is so bright, Miss Sylvester," said Maurice, "that I wonder at your gloomy thoughts this morning."

"This is such a wild, gloomy place," she replied—"it depresses me."

"Yes, it is strangely lonely and sad," he said; "and doubtless it is the scene of some wild and dreadful deed, or it would not be marked with this cross. What terrible legend does it commemorate?—can you tell me, Miss Sylvester?"

"Can I tell you?—I?" she reiterated, wildly, and her face grew gray and haggard as if with sudden pain. Then her manner changed abruptly, and laying her hand lightly upon the bark of the stout oak, beneath whose shade she stood, she laughed musically, saying, "ask this ancient tree, Mr. Pellew—doubtless he saw the deed done—whether it was good or evil; but as for me, I am not rooted in this soil—I am a stranger here; if there be some black and evil tale connected with this spot, you cannot hear it from my lips."

The gray shadow was on her face again as she finished, and Maurice Pellew gazing at her curiously, wondered; with a pang of jealousy, whether her strange mood was caused by love for some unknown rival, whom he had never seen.

"I am a stranger too, you know," said Maurice; "and since we have explored this place together, I will give you the benefit of its history when I hear it. I daresay Lord Crehylls can tell it me."

"I have no doubt he can," said Madeline, stooping to gather a tuft of moss. But scarcely had she lifted it in her white fingers, ere, with an indescribable action of loathing, she flung it away. "Ah," she cried, hurriedly, "how could I touch it?"

Evidently she had but culled the moss to hide her face from Maurice Pellew, while at the same instant some sudden horror made her cast it down.

"What is the matter," he asked, coming towards her in alarm.

"Nothing," she answered, meeting his gaze with sad eyes; "only I have a fancy this is unholy ground, and I am sorry my hand has touched it. See, I have stained it with this red earth!" she added, looking down upon the tiny spot left by the root of moss, with a gradual paleness growing over her cheeks.

"Are you so superstitious?" asked Maurice, laughing. "Wash your hand, then, in the stream: the water is beautifully clear and pure."

"No, it is stained with blood," said Madeline, gloomily.

Wiping her hand with her handkerchief, she dropped it in the brook, and watched it float away, while Maurice regarded her with some curiosity.

"How well you said those tragic words!" he cried. "For a moment I felt as if they were really true. Shall I plunge into the stream for your handkerchief?—or did you drop it wilfully?"

"Let us go on to the sea," said Madeline, without answering his question. "I long to get out of this gloomy wood."

Following the footpath, and walking briskly, they soon emerged upon an open down, where the sea-breeze met them freshly.

Just on the edge of the wood stood a small thatched cottage; beyond it, and at a considerable distance, lay a pile of loose granite, or moor stone, as they are commonly called. Madeline's gaze fell on those objects in a curious, wistful way.

"An old shaft lies up there among those granite rocks," she said. "Do you think, Mr. Pellew, that a thatcher at work on that cottage could see it distinctly?"

"What a curious question!" said Maurice. "Firstly, how do you know there is a shaft there?"

Madeline looked at him with a quick, uneasy glance; then her eyes fell, and her lips quivered.

"I have heard Mr. Lanyon speak of it," she replied. "The granite is piled around the shaft as a guard; else it would be easy enough to step into it."

"In that case," returned Maurice, "I have no doubt the place is perfectly visible from the roof of the cottage; but I don't perceive why you are curious on the subject. If you wish to see the shaft, we can go up to the rocks and look down its black depths."

"No, thank you," said Madeline, abruptly.

Walking on quickly, she kept strangely silent, till, on mounting a long slope, a glorious view of the sea burst upon them suddenly; then, with an exclamation of delight, she stood still gazing upon the scene, while a flush of unwonted joy lit up her face with a radiant beauty.

With his eyes fixed on her with a mournful and reluctant admiration, Maurice felt sorrowfully, that Madeline was the sole woman in the world for whose love he could ever care, and without her his life would be empty, dreary, and hard.

"How absorbed and happy you look!" he ventured to say, softly.

Recalled to herself by his words, Madeline started, and the flush of joy died away from her face.

"Oh, yes, for a moment I had forgotten myself," she said, wearily. "I do not wonder that the sick and sorrowful come to the sea to lay down their burden for a while."

"But you," returned Maurice, "so young, so beautiful, what have you to do with sickness and sorrow?"

"I am an orphan," she answered; "and care, and trouble, and the world's cruelty, fall heavily on the friendless."

"But Mr. Lanyon is kinder to you than a father; and there are others," said Maurice, eagerly, "who yearn to give you a life-long devotion."

As he spoke, a long, low roll of thunder echoed from cliff to cliff, heavy drops of rain fell, and the sea grew black with many shadows. All these were the warnings of a fast-coming storm—one of those Summer storms which the Atlantic flings at times on the coast of Cornwall with a suddenness and strength only equaled by the swiftness with which they pass away.

"What shall we do?" cried Madeline. "Is there any shelter near?"

Maurice saw, with some embarrassment, that she took advantage of the storm to evade replying to his somewhat hasty and warm speech; and, half glad to escape for a moment, he said,—"If you will stay here an instant, I will run down the hill, and see if there is any shelter nearer than the cottage we have passed."

As he went, Madeline's eyes followed him with a look of wistful and passionate tenderness; yet in a moment she turned proudly away, as though chiding herself for her own weakness. Then, as the rain fell heavily, she descended the slope, and took shelter against one of the huge moor stones with which the heath was scattered. Here in a few moments Maurice found her.

"There is a house down there!" he cried joyfully. "It stands just at the end of the gorge through which the stream finds its way to the sea. If you do not mind crossing the wood through the wet, and getting down a very steep descent, we shall reach it quickly."

The storm was raging now with so much violence, that Madeline could scarcely stand against it, as, bending her head to the wind, she hurried on with Maurice through the blinding rain.

The scene they traversed was wonderfully wild and beautiful. To the left lay the great Atlantic, tossing darkly beneath the tempest, while all around them was spread a wide, bare moor, dotted with huge masses of granite, looming out with ghostly whiteness through the driving mists and shadows. Far below their hurrying feet stretched the deep leafy ravine, with its troubled river flowing turbidly to the sea, and its soft and varied tints of green forming a wondrous contrast with the gloomy sea, and the rugged moor. For though on the topmost height of the gorge the trees had given place to heath and furze, the lower steeps remained green and wooded almost to the edge of the sands. Midway on the descent, there jutted out above the stream a natural platform of rock, placed just where the natural glen opened to the ocean; and on this, commanding a wild view over sea and land, there stood a low irregularly built house surrounded by a balcony. The wood pressed closely around it, except on one side, where lay a neglected garden covered with mingled weeds and flowers.

Thus hidden by rock and foliage, the house bore a romantic and picturesque aspect, greatly heightened by the wonderful beauty of its situation. Yet its extreme loneliness, and the rank luxuriance of trees, ferns, and trailing plants, which clustered all around, gave the place a dreary and melancholy look, which saddened the beholder with thoughts of solitude and decay.

To the door of this dwelling Maurice led his companion, guiding her down the rocky road, and through the weed-cumbered garden with a careful hand.

"I fear the place is uninhabited," he said, as the echo of the bell he had pulled rang drearily through the empty rooms. "Will you stay here in the porch, Miss Sylvester!" he continued; "and I will go around to the other side, and endeavor to enter by a window, and then I will unbar the door for you."

He disappeared as he spoke; but scarcely was he gone, ere Madeline heard the bolt withdrawn, and the dilapidated door, grating unwillingly on its hinges, opened slowly, and she saw before her a tall, dark, haggard man, with the gray colorless face of a corpse.

If the strange and ghastly look of this man somewhat startled Madeline, his wild exclamation of terror on seeing her alarmed her still more.

"Heaven help me!" he cried, as he leaned trembling against the wall. "The hour I have dreaded for twelve years is come."

Madeline drew back as he spoke, deeming him half-mad, and perhaps dangerous; but seeing her alarm, he came forward quietly, with a wistful smile on his pale lips.

"I am not mad," he said. "Such as I am now, blind to the sunshine, and stricken in heart, I have been for many years; but my mind is clear and sound. Come in; who has so great a right as you to the doleful shelter of St. Eglon's Hut?"

As he uttered this, a sharp cry escaped from Madeline's lips, as her face grew white as his own.

"Is this St. Eglon's Hut?" she said; and starting from the shelter of the porch, she stood out in the pelting storm, looking up at the dismantled windows, the wild, untrained plants that fell about them, and the weather-stained, broken balcony, weed covered, from which the rain dripped down. This drear and desolate dwelling seemed to find a mirror in her face, whereon to picture all its woes; for as she looked, her cheeks grew ashen gray, and the heaviness of death weighed on her clouded eyes.

"Madeline!" cried Maurice Pellew's voice, rousing her as from a terrible vision; "why do you stand there? Come in, I entreat you. Do you not see the man has opened the door?"

He hurried her forward, eager to shelter her from the storm, but she went like one impelled by force, and in crossing the threshold, her strength failed her utterly, and she would have fallen but for Mr. Pellew's arm, which was instantly flung around her, holding her up in safety.

"You are tired to death, Madeline!" he exclaimed, anxiously; "and I fear you are very wet. Can we have a fire here?" he said to the tall, silent man, who stood regarding them.

"There is a fire in the kitchen, if the lady does not mind sitting there," he replied.

This proposition seemed to be a relief to Madeline, who had drawn back from the damp and dreary parlor with a shudder.

"I do not mind it at a'l," she said, quietly; "that is, if we are not disturbing you."

"There is no fear of that," said the man; "your presence will disturb no one—the house is empty. It has never been inhabited since——"

But here, as he put a chair for Madeline by the bright wood fire, he paused suddenly, and his eye fell before the searching glance she fixed on his face.

"And whose property is it?" asked Mr. Pellew.

"It belongs to Lord Crehylls, sir," replied the man. "My sister has charge of it, and lights a fire here once a week; but, as it happened to-day, by chance—and yet no, nothing happens by chance—I did that work for her this morning."

As he spoke, he glanced at uneasily Madeline, and moved a little away beyond her, where she could not see him without turning her head. She, however, continued to dry her wet mantle, listening, but not joining in the dialogue, or appearing to care much for what they said.

"Then I suppose Lord Crehylls finds it difficult to get a tenant for such a lonely house?" said Maurice.

"I don't think he has ever tried to let it, sir," returned the man, "since—since the last tenant left."

"And how long ago was that?" asked Mr. Pellew.

"I don't know," replied the man, abruptly; and leaning forward, he flung a new log upon the fire. As he did this, Madeline's eyes met his, and a glance went between them, which, on her side, certainly thanked him for his silence, while, on his part, the look expressed something so strange—some feeling so full of an inexplicable remorse and pity,—that her heart beat fast with a vague fear and wonder.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Maurice, "I'm surprised Lord Crehylls keeps up the place in this way if he does not mean to let it. He should at least sell the furniture. Don't you think so, Miss Sylvester?"

"Perhaps he comes here himself sometimes in the Summer," said Madeline.

She seemed to speak unwillingly, and there was a curious repressed excitement in her manner which made the tones of her voice tremble. It was not Maurice who answered her.

"Lord Crehylls never comes here," said the pale man. "I believe his father built this place for a pleasure-house; but to me it is now a ghastly place with no pleasure in it."

"I think you are quite right," observed Maurice. "I never was in a more doleful dwelling in my life. And yet the situation is most beautiful."

"You wouldn't say so in the Winter, sir," returned the other. "The wind howls round this headland terribly; and on stormy nights the sea-spray dashes against the windows, and the house rocks like a cradle. 'Tis a lonely place then, sir."

"Well, yes, I expect so," said Maurice; "like all romantic places, it has doubtless its dark side."

"Its dark side!" repeated the man in a voice of irrepressible pathos. "Ah, it has brought darkness to more than one."

Madeline turned her head hurriedly, and as the strange calm and power of her beautiful face flashed full on the man, he stopped, and a gray shadow crept up to his very brow. Maurice had walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the sea.

"Does the tide ever run up this creek?" he asked, carelessly.

Mr. Pellew did not move his eyes from the prospect without in speaking, and observing this, the man bent suddenly, and with his lips close to Madeline's ear, he whispered, "When and where can I see you again, miss; I have a message to you from your father."

This was said so hurriedly, that, but for the terrible paleness which overspread Madeline's features, he would not have been sure that she had heard him. The next moment he turned toward Maurice, and replied to his question.

"The tide runs up but a very little way, sir, except when there is a very heavy sea; then I have known the salt water to reach the ford."

"The ford?" repeated Maurice. "Ah, that is where the cross is cut on the bank. Can you tell me what it commemorates?"

"I believe a man was found there dead," replied the other in a hesitating way.

The strange paleness of the man's face grew ghastlier as he spoke, and he looked at Madeline as though demanding permission to say more. She had risen and stood confronting him, her whole attitude full of suspicion and defiance.

"Found dead!" echoed Maurice, "Do you mean he was found drowned?"

"Spare us the details," said Madeline, "I hate dismal stories."

Her words sounded to the man like a command, and by a motion of his eyelids he conveyed to her an intimitation that she should be obeyed. The fear and anguish showing on her face were reflected doubly upon his, mingled with a deep pity for her, which Madeline felt, although no

word of his expressed it. Full of anger at this pity, and full of wonder and fear at his mention of her father, she stood silent, apparently resolved to make no reply to his singular request. Seeing nothing of this strange by-play, Maurice remained at the window, crying out suddenly, "Ah, here is the sun at last! Now, what do you say, will it clear up?"

"It is useless to ask me," said the man, with a smile. "I never see the sun. The brightest day is as dull to me as a November evening."

"Are you blind, then?" inquired Madeline, with a softer look upon her face.

"No, madam," he replied; "but all things seem gray and dead to me. I have not seen the sun these many years."

He spoke in a low, hopeless tone, and there was over all his aspect such a dull, leaden, shadowy look, that it added a thousand fold to the strength of his words, and stopped all questions as to their truth.

"I think I have heard of you," said Maurice, coming forward. "Your name is Michael Polgrain. You are Lord Crehylls' foster brother.

"Yes, sir," replied the other, "and I am a sailor."

"And somewhat of a smuggler I fear," continued Maurice—"at least, so I have heard. I wonder Lord Crehylls does not do something better for you: your blindness must make it hard for you to live."

"I have never had a gift from Lord Crehylls, and never will," replied Michael Polgrain with sudden fierceness. "Heaven forbid that these hands of mine should ever touch his money!"

"Do you dislike him so much," asked Madeline eagerly.

The man winced at her question, and, letting his outstretched hands drop eagerly, he said, in the old mournful tone—"Dislike him? No; I would lay down my life for him any day; but that is no cause why I should take his money."

Something in his tone pleased Madeline, and her cheeks flamed with a bright and sudden crimson.

"I wished I had some of your independent spirit," she cried. "The hardest calling is sweeter than the false ease of dependence."

"You have no call to say that, Miss," returned Michael Polgrain, with severe gravity. "No one has a greater right than you to the kindness of them you are with."

Again Madeline gave him a sharp glance of amazement and fear: but Maurice Pellew's presence prevented the question that rose to her lips.

"Ideas of independence may be exaggerated," observed Maurice somewhat coldly. "As it appears to me you would be just as independent in a farm of Lord Crehylls' as in pursuing an unlawful, dangerous calling on the sea."

"You are mistaken, sir," returned Michael, in the same grave way; "living on Lord Crehyll's land would soon make me a madman; but on the sea I do not feel my affliction so much," he said, putting his hand over his eyes; "and as to unlawfulness, there's many, me among them, who see no harm in landing a keg on the shore. It is but free trade between country and country—that's all."

"Why do you feel your blindness less on the sea?" asked Madeline, quickly, stopping the argument against smuggling, which she saw springing to Mr. Pellew's lips.

"Because I take command of our craft at night," returned Michael; "my sight is clear then; and in darkness, in fog, or in danger, there is no one who can steer so safely as I can. The excitement of a seafaring life saves my wits, I think," said he, passing his hand dreamily over his forehead; "on land, I'm whisht as moonlight."

"Madeline," asked Mr. Pellew, "shall we return to Lord Crehylls'? The storm is over."

"Will you step into the garden and take a look at the sky?" said Madeline carelessly. "It would be useless, I think to send this poor blind man."

Of course her request was instantly obeyed, and no sooner was Mr. Pellew gone than she turned on Michael Polgrain a face on which pride and anguish struggled fiercely.

"You seem to know me," she said in a bitter tone. Mind, I do not deny my wretched identity—I am too proud for that; but I do not understand how you can recognize me, when it is so many years since I was last in this miserable place."

"It is not strange that I should know you, miss," returned Michael, in a tone more mournful than her own; "Mr. Lanyon promised me he would care for you; and so, hearing of you as his ward, I was prepared to recognize you when we met. You remember this house, miss?"

"I remember it," answered Madeline drearily, "but I see no reason why you should ask me that question. In all the painful recollections of my childhood, I cannot recall your face. I find no place for you, whatever in my life, therefore, I am at a loss to know why you address me as you promise to do; and, above all, why you wish for a second interview with me. You spoke of a message from my most unhappy father; but that is a thing impossible."

She covered her face with her hands, and though no groan or tear escaped her, it was evident that her heart was racked with a passionate sorrow—a sorrow she hated and would never own.

"You are mistaken, miss," said Michael Polgrain; "I saw your father just before he died; and as truly as I live in shadow and in sin, so true is it that he gave me a message for you."

As he spoke Maurice Pellew's step echoed through the hall, and Madeline, rising, said in a hurried voice, "I will meet you here the day after to morrow, at the same hour in the morning."

"So let it be, then," replied the man; "and Heaven help us both!"

"The storm has cleared off beautifully, Madeline," said Maurice as he entered; "but I fear we shall get back to Crehylls rather late for breakfast."

"What does it matter?" said Madeline. "I am much obliged to you for the shelter you have given me," she said to Michael Polgrain; and bending her head to him, she took Mr. Pellew's arm, and without a word of thanks from him, both walked away, beneath the rain-dripping trees.

Standing at the door, Michael Polgrain watched Madeline's retreating figure till the leafy woods hid her from his eager sight.

"I don't like her," he said to himself with a heavy sigh. "I looked in her face for mercy, but I saw none. But the lot I have drawn I must bear; it is too late to go back now."

CHAPTER III.

"Well, Madeline," said Maurice gaily, "what do you think of that crack-brained smuggler? Did you perceive that, like yourself, he has his own ideas of justice? Smuggling, he said, was only fair free trade between country and country."

"And would it not be wise for nations to buy, and exchange without taxing each other's produce?" asked Madeline.

"That will be a question for some future generation," returned Maurice; "we are too busy now pummeling each other to consider it."

"Ah; there is another mistake," said Madeline, gloomily—"war. What is there on the earth so cruel, so wicked, so stupid as war?—destroying and laying waste the labors of the poor, and dealing fire and death on every side. An army of succorers I could understand, but this is what we never see; men only congregate together to destroy, never to relieve. Truly this is a mad world, and I grow warped in it, I think. To me, nearly all human customs seem a blunder—a blind, stupid blunder, following always the prejudices of the age. And as for human laws, they are worse, for they punish and kill the people, and never teach them. So far from being in advance of the civilization of their time, they are ever behind it. Recollect how in the old days they burned, beheaded, drew and quartered, pandering always to the ignorance and cruelty of the multitude! Ah, it is rare indeed when laws are on a par with the common sense of the period, leaving out of the question the mercy and the enlightenment of the few who walk in the van of their age. And even now, in this year 1809, when we consider ourselves so advanced in wisdom, are we not still irritated by the sight of gibbets, and malefactors hanging in chains? And does a single day pass over those realms, that twenty or thirty miserable creatures do not perish beneath a hangman's hands? I tell you it is horrible!"

She spoke vehemently, with a rush of color crimsoning her face; and Maurice, who had listened to her in silence, looked at her with sorrowful surprise.

"We cannot do without laws," he said, gravely. "If you were injured, for instance, would you take up your own cause and do justice yourself?"

"Yes, I would," she answered, fiercely. "If it were possible to do so, I would deal out justice with my own hand!"

"Madeline, you speak with the inexperience and impatience of youth," returned Maurice; "and it is well for you, that you have no power to change times and customs. Young and beautiful as you are, it amazes me that you permit such subjects to trouble your mind. You cannot mend the laws or alter the world; then why not let your own duties and happiness in it, content you?"

"If I were happy, perhaps I could be selfish enough to ignore the misery of others," said Madeline; "but I am not happy, Mr. Pellew; and so far from deriving pain from the contemplation of the suffering on this groaning ball, I may, for aught you know, gain consolation from it, and patience to bear my own burden."

Maurice Pellew, to whom such language seemed out of place, looked grieved, as he always did when she chose to show him the likeness of her spirit.

"How easily you exaggerate the crumpling of a rose-leaf into a real disaster," he said. "What burden can a young, flattered, beautiful girl have upon her soul to take such gloomy views? And depend on it, in spite of all bad laws and blunders, this is, after all, a good world, filled with blessings for those who accept them."

Madeline was silent a moment, but her heart swelled proudly at Maurice's rebuke. It was evident he looked upon her gloom as imaginary, arising only from the morbid musings of youth and ease of life.

"And I cannot undeceive him," she said to herself; "no, I can never tell him the truth while I live:"

"Perhaps you are right," she replied. "In spite of wrong, oppression, and laws which spoil with human life, the world may have blessings for those to whom they are given; but I affirm they are not bestowed upon all. Look at this bright sunshine around us; well, Michael Polgrain cannot see it, therefore for him it does not exist."

"But for you it does, Madeline," said Maurice, tenderly, "and so do all other blessings. You are wonderfully gifted and formed to enjoy all the happiness of your lot."

"My lot is a bitter lot," she retorted hastily; "and you know nothing of it or of me when you talk to me of happiness."

"I have known you since you were that high," said Maurice stretching out his hand, above the greensward, at the heighth of a little child, "and I have always seen you beautiful and intelligent, surrounded by friends and the ease ensured by riches; and during all these years I have perceived nothing, Madeline, in your fate, to give a cause for the root of bitterness within you." Madeline was silent, and Maurice went on with a tinge of jealousy in his tone, "Unless, indeed, during your stay in Italy, some occurrence, of which I am ignorant, took place to grieve you."

Madeline had long ago taken her hand from his arm, and she now walked on by his side, still in silence.

"Madeline," he said, earnestly, "did some one during that time offer you his love."

"If you will know it?" she answered coldly, "I tell you—yes."

"And—and you loved him?" cried Maurice, as he stopped suddenly in the path, and looked at her with eyes of jealousy and pain. "You loved him, and it is this which causes your moodiness and gloom."

"I hated him," said Madeline, smiling wistfully. "I did more—I positively feared and loathed the man, as one does a snake. Do not let us talk of him," she added, with a shudder. "I always feel as though he would kill me some day."

"Madeline," said Maurice, seizing her hand eagerly. "I have always loved you. I can scarcely remember the time when you did not fill my heart, from boyhood up to this day. My love, then, is nothing new to you; it has always been yours. Only tell me that one day I may hope——"

But in his agitation words failed him, and he stopped, waiting breathlessly for her answer. When he first began to speak she blushed deeply; but her face was death-white now, and the hand he held grew cold as ice.

"Are you asking me to be your wife?" she said.

For an answer he put his arm around her and pressed his lips to her cheek. She bore the caress silently, then she drew her hand from his, and said, in a wonderfully low, clear voice, "Maurice, I would rather rather be wife to that man whom I have told you I hate, than I would marry you, and let you give me your name, and trust your happiness to my keeping."

Her lover gazed at her as though her words had no meaning for him, and he strove vainly, with trembling lips to demand an explanation. But Madeline turned away from him, as though resolved he should not read her face or utter a single pleading sentence.

"I am in earnest," she said, in a low, decided tone. "Do not seek to change me. I can ally my fate with no man's."

They were just on the confines of the park as she spoke, and waving her hand to him, she turned into another path, leaving him sorrowful, angry, and bewildered.

Half an hour later, when more composed but still with every feeling of his wounded love writhing within him, Maurice Pellew entered the dining room, he found Madeline seated at the breakfast-table, calm as a statue. Crossing over to the opposite side, he took a chair by Mrs. Gilbert.

"Well," whispered that lady, "is it all settled? I am sure you two have had a long walk together this morning."

"Yes," returned Maurice, aloud; "we have been to St. Eglon's Hut."

It seemed an innocent observation, yet a blank silence followed it. Mr. Lanyon, with a look of sharper pain on his thin pale face, thrust his untasted cup from him; and Lord Crehylls, with a deep flush springing to his very brow, rose abruptly and left the room. The embarrassment that followed added greatly to the confusion and pain of Maurice Pellew's thoughts, and he was fain to finish his breakfast and escape into solitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DO WE WELL TO MOURN?

BY S. S.

Yes, grieve! it can be no offence to Him
Who made us sensative our loss to know;
The hand that takes the cup filled to the brim
May well with trembling make it overflow.

Who sends us sorrow means it should be felt:
Who gave us tears would surely have them shed;
And metal that the furnace doth not melt
May yet be hardened all the more instead.

Where love abounded will the grief abound;
To check our grief is but to chide our love;
With withered leaves the more bestrewed the ground,
The fuller that the rose hath bloomed above!

Yes, grieve! 'tis Nature's—that is, God's—behest,
If what is Nature called is Will Divine!
Who fain would grieve not cannot know how blest
It is to sorrow, and yet not repine.

KATIE FULTON.

BY C. M. B.

Everybody allowed, some with smiles, some with sighs, that Katie Fulton was what is commonly called a "fast" young lady. No one ever heard her speak unkindly of the absent; on the contrary, she was sure to defend them, whether right or wrong. She was generous and high-spirited; still, Katie was said to be "fast." The reason was that she preferred some masculine amusements to the quieter ones generally indulged in by her own sex.

Clifton is a small market town in Essex. It had no manufactories; the population was not large; the poor inhabitants were most of them farm laborers: while the gentry consisted of the curate, the doctor, the lawyer, Mr. Fulton, Kate's father, a few gentlemen farmers, and, strange to say, several of those, in most cases, estimable ladies on the shady side of forty, known by the name of old maids.

There was one long street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, called Castle Street. The doctor dwelt at one end, in a large red brick house, with intensely green blinds and white steps. Our lawyer, Mr. Brent, inhabited the white house a little farther down. The curate dwelt in the pretty parsonage close to the old church. Mr. Fulton lived in the grandest house in Clifton; it was called Lime House, for it was shaded by a row of those beautiful, graceful trees. He was the richest man in the place, and was looked upon as a very superior kind of person.

Katie and I were the dearest friends: she was the only relief to the almost intolerable dulness of my home. She would fetch me to Lime House, and keep me there for weeks at a time. I enjoyed these visits immensely, Kate was so lively and gay, Mr. Fulton, pleased with himself and everything around him, was always in high good humor, and enjoyed nothing so much as a "war of wits" with the pride and joy, and, to speak truthfully, the plague of his life—his only child, Kate.

Kate had her romance, and I was her confidante. Her lover was no other than the son and heir of Sir Edward Carleton, whose residence in our neighborhood made us all so proud. Carleton Towers was one of the oldest and finest seats in Essex, and the worthy baronet was one of the proudest of men. He was intensely proud of his name, his lineage, his old picturesque mansion, but most of all of his son and heir, handsome, wilful Raymond.

I doubt much if ever any child was so thoroughly indulged, petted, and humored as was Raymond Carleton; but his disposition was so good and charming that it seemed impossible to spoil him. If anything could have done so, surely the boundless love of his parents would have accomplished it.

He had told his parents of his choice, and they had disapproved of it. It made, however, no change in him.

It was while things were in this state that the following incident occurred. Raymond frankly told Mr. Fulton how dearly he loved Kate. He owned that his parents did not seem quite to approve of the match, as they had other views for him; but he hoped in a few months' time to overcome all opposition and win his beautiful bride. Mr. Fulton heard him with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure. One thing he had decided upon immediately; that was, that his bonnie Kate should not be gossiped over.

About eight miles from Clifton there stood a little villa, on the outskirts of the town of Rottingdam. It was inhabited by Mr. and Miss Denbigh, brother and sister, and they were old intimate friends of the Fultons. To them Mr. Fulton went in his perplexity, and it was arranged that Kate should pay a long visit.

The Denbighs were enchanted at the thought of a visit from Kate; but I do not think she herself was quite so enraptured. When her father told her that Miss Denbigh wished to see her for a few weeks, Kate did not resist; she merely said, "I will go, papa, if they invite Madeline Stuart—not without."

My father gave a hearty consent to my going, and one fine Spring morning Kate and I started, under Mr. Fulton's protection, for Kendal Villa.

The first week of our stay there passed quietly enough. The Denbighs were exceedingly kind to us. Her own relations did not love Kate much more than they did. She behaved charmingly. Two or three times she spoke to me rather bitterly of the gossips of Cliftons.

"Madeline," she said to me one day, suddenly, "do you know why people call me fast?"

"Why," I answered, hesitating as I spoke, "you shoot well, and say everything you think."

Kate laughed scornfully, as she replied, "So my title of 'fast' is given me because I speak honestly, and know how to use a pistol properly."

"I suppose," I replied. "Those are the only two things in which you differ from the other girls I know."

Kate was too honorable to correspond with Raymond. At their last interview she told him not to seek her presence again, or even write to her, until his parents had altered their decision, for she would never marry him without their approval. It was in vain he entreated and stormed. Kate was firm as a rock, and though Raymond might think her decision hard, he could but respect her the more for it.

One morning, while we were seated at the breakfast table, the postman brought a large blue letter, the very envelope speaking of business. Miss Denbigh read it, and seemed rather anxious as she did so.

"Here is news, Paul," she said to her brother. "That lawsuit comes on to-morrow, and we must be in London by two o'clock this afternoon. The only thing that troubles me is leaving our young visitors alone. You see, my dear," she continued, turning to Kate, "this lawsuit has been going on for years and years. It really seems very rude to leave you both, but with so much at stake I dare not defer the journey."

"When shall you return?" I asked.

"If our business shall be concluded in time, we shall return to-morrow evening," was the reply; "if not, on Thursday morning. I think, my dear Kate," she continued, "you had better write a line to your father: he might not be pleased. I wish we had longer notice."

"I will do so, if you wish it," replied Kate. "Papa will not have my letter before to-morrow morning. He will be sure to come at once, and it will be a change to see him."

Anxious to please her friend, and remove all anxiety, Kate wrote at once, and then withdrew with Miss Denbigh to assist in the necessary preparations for the journey.

The brother and sister left us. Kate and I stood in the porch watching them walk down the road, and then went into the house.

How little we thought, either of us, of the event so soon to startle us from our quiet monotonous life.

It was a warm and rather oppressive July day. The profound silence of everything struck me. Kate had gone to the library. I cannot explain why, but as I sat by myself in the drawing-room a sudden presentiment of fear seized me. I shook it off, and laughed at myself for being nervous. Just at that moment a dark figure came between me and the sunlight. I raised my head from the work I was holding, and almost screamed aloud at the figure that met my gaze. It was that of a man, a gypsy, or tramp, I should say with a dark, evil face and flashing, black, dreadful eyes. When he saw that he had attracted my attention, he touched his cap and asked for charity. Now, I was not very well supplied with money, and only the day before I had very nearly emptied my purse in paying for some purchases I had made at Rottingham. I took a few halfpence, and threw them to him. He took them up, counted them, and looked at me with a sullen face.

"Is this all you mean to give me?" he said.

"It is nearly all I have," was my reply.

He muttered something, and walked on. I felt paralysed with fear, yet I was ashamed of myself; for what was there to harm me? I sought Kate in the library, and told her how the beggar man had alarmed me. She merely smiled and said, "Madeline, you are a goose, and would be frightened at your own shadow."

The remainder of our solitary day passed happily enough. We dined as usual, and after dinner Kate amused herself and me by reading aloud. I forgot all about my morning's fear, and we sat in the drawing-room until the clock struck ten, when we retired.

"Madeline," said Kate, "I am going to my room, now. Good night."

My room looked on to the high road which led to Rottingdean. As I drew down the blind I noticed that the night was very dark. I said my prayers, and in a few moments was fast asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused from a deep dream about home and my father, by a slight noise. I listened intently; all was silent and quiet. Ten minutes afterwards my fears returned with redoubled force, for I plainly heard a creaking on the stairs, as though some one was mounting them carefully.

Unable to bear such nervous, miserable feelings any longer, I rose, slipped on my dressing-gown, and lighted my little lamp. Very quietly I opened my room door and peeped out: all was silent as death. Somewhat emboldened by this, I took my lamp and went gently to Kate's door; I rapped twice before she heard me.

"Madeline," she cried, "what in the world is the matter! What do you want!"

"I hope there is nothing the matter," I replied; "but I fear there is some one in the house."

"Oh," she returned, "what a plague you are! It is all nonsense—you have been dreaming."

"Ridiculous!" said Kate; but the word died on her lips, for we heard a sudden piercing scream, and a door bang.

"You are right, I declare Madeline, after all. This is pleasant,—no one to help us! Well, we must depend upon our own wits, that is all," said Kate; and she began to dress.

"Oh, what shall you do?" I cried, clinging to her. "Oh Kate, let us run away."

"Madeline," she said, "the thief is in Mrs. Denbigh's room, and I am going to shoot him; then I shall give a chance of escape, and if he does not take it, he is a lost man. You had better come with me. "Come then; but come quietly," she said.

We walked silently down the corridor. As we neared the door of Mrs. Denbigh's room we heard plainly the weak trembling voice of the old lady and the gruff tones of a man.

We then heard him take a quick step across the room, and Mrs. Denbigh moaned as though in deadly pain. In a moment Kate confronted him, and levelled the pistol at him, her finger at the trigger.

"Stir one step," she exclaimed, "and you are a dead man! I will shoot you as I would a dog."

He advanced one step, I heard the report of the pistol, I saw the smoke—there was a dreadful cry, and he fell to the ground. Scarcely had the report died away, than the alarmed servant-girls were in the room.

"Now, girls," said Kate, "we cannot remove the robber, but we can remove Mrs. Denbigh. Let us place her comfortably in my room, where Miss Stuart can sit and watch her, then we will attend to this poor wretch." She looked at him pityingly. "I wish he had not forced me to do it," she said. "Madeline," she continued, suddenly, "where should we have been now if I had not known how to use fire arms? 'Fast' girls may be useful at times," she added, bitterly.

We removed the poor lady to Kate's room, where we made her as comfortable as possible. Sarah, who had been in the family some years, begged permission to remain with her. I returned with Kate to the wounded man. She placed a pillow under his head and moistened his parched lips. I fancied once or twice that tears stood in her eyes as she gazed upon him.

"Now, Martha," she said, "you are no coward: besides, morning is dawning: go at once to Rottingdean and fetch the first surgeon you can find. Say nothing to any one of what has happened. Miss Stuart will remain here with me."

Martha set out at once; then, for the first time, I ventured to look at the man's face. To my surprise, it was the beggar who had alarmed me so dreadfully on the previous morning.

The physician soon arrived, and arrangements were made for conveying the wounded man to Rottingdean hospital. I may as well state here that he recovered in a few weeks, and no trace of his having been wounded remained save a slight lameness. He was transported: but I have been told that he never expressed any anger against the brave young girl who had stopped him in his career of crime.

In the evening Mr. and Miss Denbigh returned. The lawsuit had been decided in their favor, and they were consequently in a state of great delight. I thought Miss Denbigh would have fainted with fright when she heard the tale.

"And you shot him, my dear?" she said, turning to Kate. "How courageous you are! You saved my mother's life—how must I thank you!"

But bonnie Kate wanted no thanks. She disliked hearing the affair mentioned. She did rally me rather unmercifully sometimes for the great cowardice I had shown. I knew I deserved it. My impulse was to run away, and let every one else take care of themselves.

In spite of her wish, however, the adventure gradually became known—the papers got hold of it, and then it spread like wild-fire. They called it "Daring heroism;" "Noble conduct on the part of a young lady;" "A brave heroine," &c. Kate absolutely refused to look at another paragraph until the excitement had died away.

"I do not want to be set upon a pedestal and worshiped because I shot at a man," she said to me one day, "and that by the very people who called me 'fast' a few weeks ago, because I knew how to hold a pistol."

How can I describe the admiration of the Clifton ladies? Kate might have been as eccentric as she would, they would never again do anything but praise her.

More good still was to come to my bonnie Kate. One morning a handsome carriage dashed up to Kendal Villa; Sir Edwin and Lady Carleton alighted from it, and asked to see Miss Fulton. Kate turned pale when she heard who wanted her. I heard her murmur her favorite song as she went into the house: "True as the stars will I be to thee." I knew she was thinking of Raymond.

* * * * *

Well, I never was so astonished in all my life! I could not believe it, although Kate had told me, with her beautiful, blushing face hidden upon my shoulder. What do you think proud Lady Carleton had come for? To ask Kate to be her son's wife! She told the young girl that she had been prejudiced against her; but when she had heard of her heroic action, she felt convinced that in mind and soul, as well as in face, she was fitted to become one of a family who loved bravery next to virtue.

"All because I shot a man!" exclaimed Kate, between smiles and tears. "Oh, Maddy dear, just think what they would have said if I had shot a partridge!"

The foregoing incident took place some years ago. My bonnie Kate is Lady Carleton, with four daughters and two brave sons by her side. We are still the dearest of friends, but we seldom meet without talking over the eventful Night of the Burglary.

THERE have been many instances in modern times of the violent opposition made to the introduction of those mechanical inventions, which would tend to supplant manual labor, and in a foreign library a manuscript of the 16th century has been discovered, which throws a curious light upon the introduction of printing, which proves the same opposition has existed years. This manuscript contains some Latin poems, and in one of these poems, dated in 1514 and consisting of 2,000 lines, mention is made of the recent invention, thanks to which the works of ancient writers can be swiftly reproduced. But he adds, "This invention was fatal to the inventor," and goes on to describe how the said inventor was "seized in his own house by a band of evil-disposed persons, carried off in a wagon and finally put to death." This allusion is thought to confirm the hitherto vague tradition that Gutenberg, or Ganzfleish as he should be more accurately called, was murdered by persons whom he had deprived by his invention of their livelihood as copyists and scribes.

THE word congruity has a singular origin. It means, of course, "coming well together." It is compounded of *con*, together, and *gruis*, a crane; cranes being remarkable for their regularity and uniformity, when flocking together for the purpose of migration. This is the true etymology of the word congruity. Suffrage is a remarkable word. It springs originally from the Latin *suffrago*, which signifies the "joint of a beast's leg." It may well be asked what earthly connection has the leg of a horse, a cow, or a pig, or any other animal, with a man's vote? Why, the camel bends its suffrage, or knee-joint, to permit its rider to mount; and, figuratively speaking, a mounting spirit receives a similar favor from those who help him on his course by their votes. From the resemblance of the camel's condition to that of a supporting elector, his vote is called his suffrage, through the imaginative genius of some word-coiner.

HOLLAND is opening her professional avenues for women to labor in, and for the first time the degree of doctor of medicine has been conferred on Miss Aletta Jacobs, who has announced her intention to practise in Amsterdam.

There is nothing that helps beauty so to its full success as just the spice of consciousness that gives confidence.

THE LATEST SWINDLE.—Some of our exchanges are ventilating a new dodge by which a class of swindlers are making it pay in various parts of the country. These fellows have quite an ingenious way of working upon the credulity of the farm. They generally travel singly. The swindler calls upon the farmer about meal time, and engages him in conversation. He represents himself to be an agent of the government to gather crop statistics. The farmer, flattered that the government has selected him from among the many, tells him all he knows and invites him to dinner. After the meal the "statistician" proposes to pay for his meal, and, if refused, insists upon his taking a dollar for his information given; not unfrequently he tenders a ten dollar bill, and receives nine dollars change, and leaves the farmer to shortly realize that he has been duped to the tune of nine dollars and a good square meal. It is high time our farmers realize that swindlers are not all dead yet.

NEWS OF INTEREST

In a London theatre you pay twelve cents for a programme.

Nearly 3 000 actors in London are said to be out of employment.

The fashionable dinner hour in France, Russia, and Italy is seven o'clock: in Germany it is six.

Evangelist Moody is announced to preach in the Baltimore City Jail every Sunday morning during the winter.

The Cremation Society of London is about to erect a crematorium after the model of that one in use at Milan.

The California grape crop this season is the largest ever gathered, and preparations have been made to cure 1,000,000 pounds for raisins.

Hume, the Spiritualist, who has been sojourning in the south of France, for the benefit of his health, has recovered, and is now in Paris.

Dressy fans, made of feathers, are filled in with little butterfly bows, either of white or some delicate color, instead of flowers, as heretofore.

Under the direction of the spirits of his two dead wives, a Mr. Wheaton has erected a flag-pole on Mount Washington, and placed upon it a banner with a strange device, costing $60.

A soldier stationed at Turin, Piedmont, recently won $13,375 at the royal lottery, but his sudden riches failed to tell on the military authorities, who demand of him two years' further service in the ranks.

Miss Celeste Winans, daughter of the late Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, is said to be the richest heiress in America, very handsome, and only twenty. The fortune she inherited from her father is said to be $30,000,000.

Mark Hopkins, Michael Reese, William S. O'Brien, and David D. Colton, four of the richest men on the Pacific slope, have died during the present year, leaving in the aggregate $50,000 000 to be distributed into other channels.

Portraits, addresses, pictures, and poems have often been published from the silk-loom, but never, it is believed, an entire book until now. At Lyons a volume has just appeared with all the letter-press executed in silken thread.

The Russian leather, so much prized for durability and grateful smell, is prepared by the use of the essential oil of the birch tree. Bales of it will lie for a long time in damp warehouses without spotting or being otherwise injured by mildew.

The late Judge Keogh is said to have been such a good mimic that he could imitate the styles of the different speakers in Parliament so exactly that it was only necessary to shut your eyes to believe you were listening to an actual debate.

Ten years ago over 1,000,000 of acres were devoted to potato culture in Ireland now only about 870,000 acres are thus employed. The decrease is attributed to the great uncertainty attending the cultivation of the crop, and to new methods of foraging cattle.

Jefferson Davis has been singularly afflicted in the death of his sons. Joseph H. fell from the piazza of the Executive Mansion in Richmond during the war and was killed; William died in Memphis in 1873, and Jefferson, the only surviving son, recently died in Memphis of yellow fever.

The immense horns of South African cattle are made to twist spirally, and in fanciful curves, by being scraped on one side or the other while they are growing. Each owner can tell the oxen which belong to his "span" in this way by the acquired shape of their naturally regular horns.

Princess Helen Demidoff has established in Florence for the winter, at her own expense an "economical kitchen" for issuing to the poor as much soup as they can consume in a day at the trifling charge of four cents to every applicant. Such prices would be ruinous to the lazzaroni of Naples.

Twelve years ago, Deacon Benson, of Fort Wayne, Ind., a man then forty-eight years old, was worth $500,000. He speculated, lost money, became a passenger car conductor, then a saloon-keeper, then a street car driver, then a pauper; last week he died in the hospital and was buried in the potter's field.

The miners and farmers of California have begun a controversy of great consequence. The mining operations in several counties have ruined great areas of farming lands by choking the rivers with debris, which causes them to overflow, and cover the alluvial valleys with mud. Test lawsuits have been instituted.

A Parisian milliner announces a "huntress' costume," in velvet and satin. Boots reaching nearly to the knee, with small tassels; genuine trousers of satin, such as would delight Dr. Mary Walker, and a real coat of satin, with fancy cuffs, close fitting at the waist, where there are four buttons, worn over a black velvet waistcoat, which it shows at the breast and below the waist—these, with a small and gentlemanly tie at the throat and a high hat, almost of the sugar-loaf form, with a band of velvet and flowers, make up the costume.

England and Wales contain 37,243,857 acres. Of this amount 63 persons own 1,917,076 acres; 190 persons own 3,917,541 acres; less than 280 persons own 5,425,764 acres; and 874 persons own 9,267 631 acres. Ireland has 30,150,678 acres in all. One person here owns 170,116 acres, and 744 persons own an aggregate of 2,612,728 acres, or nearly one half of the island. In Scotland the case is still worse. One man has 1,336,000 acres, besides 77,000 acres more in England, or a total of 1,338,548 acres. A second owner has 431,000 acres in Scotland; a third, 424,000 acres; a fourth, 373,000; and a fifth, 308,000 acres. Scotland has 18,986,094 acres in all. Twenty-four owners have more than one-fourth of the whole area; and seventy owners have 9,400,000 acres, or about one-half of Scotland.

Considering the land of the whole kingdom, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland together own 1,358,538 acres; the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensbury, 460,260; Sir James Matheson, 424,560; Earl of Breadalbane, 372,727; Earl of Seafield, 305 891; Duke of Richmond, 286,407; Earl of Fife, 257,652; Alexander Matheson, 220,433, Duke of Athol, 194,640; Duke of Devonshire, 198,321; Duke of Northumberland, 186,515; and the Duke of Argyll, 175,114 acres.

Toilet Chemistry Achieved its Proudest Triumph

In producing that celebrated beautifier of the complexion, Laird's Bloom of Youth. No article of the kind is comparable to it. It completely rejuvenates the skin, removes pimples, tan, freckles, wrinkles, etc., and renders the cuticle freshly transparent and delightfully smooth. Ladies who have passed the meridian of life will find that it completely obliterates the ravages of time, and the youthful maiden, that she acquires additional attractiveness by its use.

THE NIGHT OF STORM.

BY EMMA H. CASE.

Loud wails the wind, and drives the sleet;
In all the heavens there is no light,
The raindrops at my casement beat—
Beloved, where art thou, to-night?

While I am sheltered—safe from harm—
Beside my hearthstone, warm and bright,
What fears, perchance, thy soul alarm—
And trouble all thy rest, to-night?

An awful dread is at my heart—
Strange, ghastly visions dim my sight—
Ten thousand sickening thoughts upstart—
Beloved, where art thou, to-night?

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A dreary future," said Mrs. Haye, "a dreary future! I cannot tell you how sorry I am for Felix, Violet."

For Mrs. Haye was true to her tactics. She never named Sir Owen at all—she left him quite out of the question; but she talked incessantly of Felix, and always in the most kind and pitying manner. She deplored his fate; she declared it was the saddest she had ever known. To think that a man so young and so gifted should be burdened with the maintenance of so large a family! She feared he would not have the strength to manage it.

They were arranging a wardrobe one day, and the beautiful dresses so mysteriously sent for the *fete* lay within it.

"Violet," said Mrs. Haye, solemnly, "if I were you, I would put those dresses away out of sight; you will never want them again; you will never have an opportunity of wearing them."

"Mamma, do you think I am going to live in a cloister?" she asked.

"No, my dear, certainly not; but I know where and how you are going to live. It will be in a small house on very limited means."

"I shall go out at times," said Violet.

"Yes, but you will not be invited to such places as Garswood—it is out of the question; poor Felix could neither visit nor receive such people. And now that we are speaking of it, Violet, I think it would be just as well if you would try to learn a little of domestic work. You have been foolishly brought up I am afraid."

"Why should I learn to work, mamma?" she asked, looking at her hands, so white, so delicate. "I am sure Felix will never like to see me working."

"He will not be able to help it, poor fellow!" Mrs. Haye said pityingly. But you must look your future in the face, Violet; you cannot spend all your life in waiting for him—waiting until your hair grows gray, and your youth only your dream; and, if you marry him, it must be to help him."

"So I will help him, mamma," she replied.

"That is quite right," said Mrs. Haye serenely. "I am glad to hear you say so. I should like you to understand what helping in this case means. Felix will have to keep up Vale House and maintain all his step-mother's family. He will not, of course, have much to spare for himself; hence he will want all the care and economy possible in his household. You should learn to cook, to sew, to manage a house; for you will not be able to keep more than one servant, if you manage to do that."

"Mamma!" cried Violet in dismay, and she raised her pretty white hands with the pink tapering fingers deprecatingly

"I am sure of it, Violet. I know what money is, and how far it goes. With every man's hand against him, Felix will have a hard struggle; and the only way in which you can help him will be by spending as little money as you can."

Then wise Mrs. Haye left the words to work their effect.

In the meantime Sir Owen devoted himself unceasingly to Violet. Every day brought some lavish gift or other to the Limes—great hampers of game and fruit, of rare foreign wines, of flowers—and Violet said nothing of them before Felix, because she saw that he was hurt because he could not do the same—and during that time the girl's mind was tortured and harassed by doubts and fears.

It was such a chance to miss. She might be Lady Chevenix, of Garswood; she might be the wealthiest woman in all the county; and yet she had elected to be nothing all her life but a mere domestic drudge. When Sir Owen came over and insisted on driving her out, she would say to herself that luxury was a necessity to her, that she could not live without it, that she must have it. Then Eve Lester would spend a day with her, and would talk to her with such noble simplicity, such simple grandeur, of the life before her, that she felt she loved Felix more than ever. At Vale House, however, the cloud deepened, and honest Darcy Lonsdale wore his great heart away in sorrowful repining.

One evening—how well Violet remembered it!—it was the beginning of July, and the western sky was crimson with the setting of the sun, Sir Owen rode up to the door. He came into the dining room, where the family had just partaken of tea, and it struck all of them that he was ill at ease. He spoke chiefly to Mrs. Haye, and looked but seldom at Violet.

"I went to London yesterday," he said, "and something tempted me into a jeweler's shop. I bought some very fine diamonds, and I have brought them for you to see."

He took some heavy morocco cases from his pocket, and Violet looked up with a new light in her eyes and a low cry of delight. Few women, thought Sir Owen, can resist the temptation of diamonds.

He opened the cases and laid them before her. They were a beautiful diamond star, a superb necklace, brooch, earrings, bracelet, and rings, all with stones of the first water, full of fire, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. The crimson light of the setting sun shone in them and made them so dazzlingly bright that it was almost impossible to look at them.

"What do you think of them?" he asked Violet.

"I cannot tell you. I did not know there was anything in the world so beautiful!" she cried.

"How much are they worth?" asked Mrs. Haye.

"I have paid more thousands for them than I should like to tell you," Sir Owen replied, laughing; "and I would pay as many more to please the person for whom they are intended. Miss Haye, will you try them on; I should like to see the effect."

But Violet's hands trembled as she tried to raise the glittering gems from their velvet beds.

"Let me help you," he said; and she did not object.

The next moment he was standing by her side. He placed the brilliant star in her golden hair, and she felt that he lingered far longer than he need have done over it.

Then he clasped the necklace round the white graceful neck; Violet fastened the brooch herself, and he clasped the bracelet on her lovely arm. She would rather that he had not done so—Felix would not have liked it, she was sure; but then the temptation to see herself so decked just for once was irresistible. She had never worn a diamond, and these were so gorgeous.

Very soon he placed her before the great gilt mirror, and the crimson sunlight fell full upon her, on the sheen of her golden hair, on the brilliant gems, on the face more beautiful than any gem. Such a marvelous picture as she made in those glittering diamonds Sir Owen told himself he had never seen. Mr. Haye cried out in admiration.

"She is like the Queen of Sheba," he said.

"She is fairer than any queen," laughed Sir Owen. "You ought to wear diamonds, Miss Haye. You were born to wear them. Knowing that, and feeling sure how well they would become you, I have ventured to buy them for you; will you honor me by accepting them?"

But Violet drew back from the mirror with a pale scared face, and a movement so sudden that the light in the diamonds was like gleams of fire scattered over her.

"You bought them for me?" she said.

"Yes; and I hope you will honor me by accepting them," he replied, with a low bow.

"I cannot," she said quietly; "they are too valuable. I should never wear them."

"You shall wear them at Court," he told her—"and no royal Duchess has finer."

"Felix Lonsdale would not be willing," she said calmly. "I cannot take them."

An angry flush burned his face, a lurid light leaped into his eyes; but a sign from Mrs. Haye controlled him.

"My daughter is quite right, Sir Owen. She cannot take these diamonds from you while she is the promised wife of Felix Lonsdale. I will help you, Violet."

The diamonds were taken off and restored to their cases. Mrs. Haye had never acted more wisely. Violet would have resented it had they been pressed upon her; woman-like, when they were so quietly taken back, she began to long for them. There were no words spoken as Sir Owen replaced the cases in his pocket and rose to take his leave.

"I trust I have not offended you, Miss Haye," he said, "by offering you the best tribute I could think of to prove my admiration!"

"Why should I be offended, Sir Owen? You were kind to think of me, but I—you see: I cannot take them."

"I will not offend again," he replied.

He shook hands with Francis Haye and his wife; he parted from Violet with a bow.

When the door had closed behind him, Francis Haye looked at his daughter.

"You have refused quite twenty thousand pounds," he said.

Mrs. Haye held up her hand with a warning gesture.

"She has done quite right, Francis. It would be absurd for the wife of a poor struggling lawyer to wear twenty thousand pounds' worth of jewels—more than absurd. Who would make puddings and mend socks clad in such diamonds as those? Let Violet be consistent. She prefers linsey-woolsey to satin, poverty to riches. It is her own choice—we must not interfere."

Violet kissed her mother; but Mrs. Haye felt with keen delight that there was little rapture in the kiss; and all the rest of the evening the fair face was clouded.

Another thing happened which annoyed Violet. She was walking one day through Ordfield Lane, when she met Lady Rolfe and her daughter Lavina. With great cordiality her lady stopped to talk to her.

"Will you mind walking on with me, Miss Haye?" she said. "I have often thought that I should like to chat with you."

"I shall be very pleased," answered Violet, little dreaming of the mortification in store for her.

"I wished to speak to you when we were at Garswood," said Lady Rolfe, "but I found no opportunity. I think it only my duty, Miss Haye, to utter a few words of warning to you about Sir Owen."

Violet looked up proudly.

"I do not think that there is the least need for such words, Lady Rolfe," she replied.

"I am truly glad to hear you say so. Sir Owen Chevenix is a wealthy man. I do not wish to say one unjust word against him, but I am quite correct in stating that he does not bear one of the best of reputations; he drinks and—well, he has other faults which I must not name to you."

"I do not see how this concerns me," said Violet.

"But I do, Miss Haye. Pray listen to me. You have a pretty face, and Sir Owen is always attracted by such. Yours is not the first by any means that he has admired."

"I never supposed that it was," said the girl, proudly.

"That is right. If you understand the character of the man, all is well; but, having a friendly interest in you, I was afraid that his flattery might mislead you."

"If she only knew the truth!" thought Violet. "If she could only guess that I have refused to be Lady Chevenix!"

"I am not alone in my ideas," continued Lady Rolfe. "I heard many ladies at Garswood say what a pity it was that no one warned you. This is what I want to say to you, Miss Haye—and, believe me, real kindness dictates the words. You are engaged to marry a very honorable gentleman. Even though he be unfortunate, do not lose the substance for the shadow; do not give him up under the mistaken impression that Sir Owen will marry you. The difference in your rank and position is too great. He is simply amusing himself with the prettiest face near him. Be warned in time—he will flirt with you, but he will never dream of marrying you."

"That is your ladyship's opinion," said Violet.

"And the opinion of everyone else who knows Sir Owen and who knows you," added Lady Rolfe. "I assure you that many ladies have spoken to me about it, and have expressed a great hope that you would not be misled by Sir Owen's flattery and love of flirtation."

"If she knew all," thought Violet—"if she did but know!" And her beautiful face wore such a witching smile as she left Lady Rolfe that the keen, worldly woman felt alarmed.

"She would never look like that, Lavini," she cried, "unless in some way or other she had the best of the matter. Surely it can never be that he has asked her to marry him."

"My dear mother, Sir Owen may marry just whom he pleases. The only fact which interests me is that he has not asked me to marry him. As for Miss Haye, I am not interested in her, and do not care to talk about her."

Miss Rolfe dismissed the matter very quickly from her mind, but Lady Rolfe pondered it deeply. Surely she must be mistaken—the best match in the county, the most eligible man for many miles round, could never be so absurd as to throw himself away on a mere nobody like Violet Haye, even though she had the face of an angel and the grace of a queen.

CHAPTER XIX.

So the decision as to her own future was left almost entirely in Violet's hands. Neither father nor mother spoke one word which could influence her, and Felix was so engrossed in his business that he was but seldom able to see her. Sir Owen, on the contrary, always kept himself present to her mind. Every day brought hampers, parcels of books, everything that could be thought of, from the Hall. Every day brought a little note begging that she would accept flowers, fruit, or whatever accompanied it. He rode over very often himself; he seemed to bring an atmosphere of the fashionable world with him; he was always full of spirits, with wonderful news to tell.

Violet was very much annoyed by Lady Rolfe's warning—it had turned the balance the wrong way.

"I understand," she said to herself—"they think that I am so far beneath Sir Owen that he will never deign to marry me. How mistaken they are, and how little they know of the real truth! How I could surprise them if I wished to! What a triumph and a victory I could win over them all! How they would wonder to see me Lady Chevenix! If ever I do become Lady Chevenix, that woman, Lady Rolfe, shall come no more to Garswood."

That was the first time she had ever admitted to herself that there was an "if" in the matter—the first time she had thought of the possibility that she might eventually be Lady Chevenix. The temptation was great and subtle: it was sometime in forcing an entrance into her heart—but once admitted, it would not leave her. There were many excuses for her—there was much that pleaded for her—her youth, her love of luxury, her dread of poverty, her longing for the bright side of life. The constant dropping of water wears away a stone. Such was Violet's case. The constant talk of poverty with which her mother plied her morning, noon and night—the constant praise of Sir Owen the blank, cool toleration of Felix—the wonder at the riches of the one, the pity at the poverty of the other, all influenced her, until at length a day came when her heart opened to the worship of Mammon, when love dwindled into insignificance by the side of wealth. The day came, when wearied of everything, she went out into the cool green depths of the summer woods and held her life, as it were, in her hands.

She tried to think of her case as though it were that of a stranger—as though she herself had no vital concern in it. On the one side she had to suppose that she would prove true to her promise, true to her word—that she would marry the man whom she really loved—Felix Lonsdale. "Let me look at that picture quite calmly, first," she said to herself. She would have to wait at least two or three years longer, and by that time the brightness of her beauty would have waned—the spring of her youth would have left her. They would be years of discomfort too. Her mother and father would lose all patience; they would be years of constant unpleasantness; Felix too would doubtless be always in trouble—and she, like most of the young, gay and beautiful, dreaded trouble. Taking the marriage at its best it was a poor one. When she first knew Felix Lonsdale, things were quite different. No cloud of disgrace hung over his family; he bid fair to become a rich man; he had every hope of making a good home for her. Even then it was not such a marriage as she with her queenly dower of beauty and grace had a right to expect. Were she to marry him with his present prospects, what a fate would lie before her! Such limited means—such genteel poverty! She shuddered as she saw the years stretch themselves out before her. She foresaw hard work—the work she disliked most of all—domestic drudgery; hard fare; no balls, no parties, but little dress, nothing but the care of a house—a bare, plain existence from which she shrank—no visiting. How people would laugh at her! It would be like going out of the world at once. But then—and her heart grew warm at the thought—she would have Felix—Felix who loved her so dearly—Felix to whom the ground she trod on was sacred. She would be with him, and she would have the happy consciousness of having done what was right; she would have done her duty, and she might be happy after all.

Then came the other side of the picture—and the girl's brain whirled as she tried to understand it. If she married Sir Owen, she would be mistress of Garswood—she would be mistress of all its grandeur, of the superb grounds, the gorgeous pictures, the wonders of silver and gold, they would be hers to use when she liked and how she liked. She would be Lady Chevenix, patroness of balls, queen of the county; she would be able to patronise Lady Rolfe in her turn, to punish those who had dared to think she required warning; she could have dresses such as she had not dreamed of, she would be great, wealthy, and powerful. But there would be no Felix with all this; she would have to give him up, and she would live the remainder of her life with a sense of having acted unfairly—of having betrayed such love and faith as were given to few women.

Those were the two paths that lay so clearly and so distinctly mapped out before her. In her heart she loved Felix—and she knew it; but that same heart longed for wealth and luxuries such as Felix could never give her—that same heart recoiled from the poverty, the struggles, the hard work, the economy, the daily cares that must attend her as the wife of Felix Lonsdale. She disliked all such; she remembered how, even when things looked brightest, she had stood in the house that belonged to the Anndersons, wondering what her life would be like there, and recalled the curious sensation that had come over her of there not being enough there to fill her life. Then she laughed a little bitter laugh as she flung away the little wild-flower that she was holding.

"I have a desire to be rich," she said, "but none to be noble. I am not noble. I see the right and honorable path, but I have not the strength to follow it. I hate myself for being what I am, but I cannot change."

She made no false excuses to herself; she gave no high-flown name to the sin she was about to commit. Mammon tempted her, and she fell; the spirit of the world, the pride of life, the love of riches had all entered her soul, and taken possession of it. She did not disguise from herself what she was doing when she deliberately resolved to break her plighted word—to give up her lover and marry Sir Owen.

Her temptations had been many and great—they had been continued, they had been hard to resist; but there was no excuse. She knew that she was committing a double sin; she was proving false to the one man whom she really loved to marry one whom she did not love at all.

"It is a double sin," she said to herself, "but I cannot help it—I could not go through a life of drudgery and poverty. Felix will hate me, but in after-years he will know that my decision was wise."

So she thought and mused, dreaming in the sweet shade of the summer woods of the gorgeous future that would be hers if she married Sir Owen. Presently her mood changed and her eyes filled with passionate tears as she thought of Felix.

"I love Felix!" she cried. "Why can he not have Garswood? Why must he be poor and obscure while Owen Chevenix revels in wealth? It is not fair."

She had love and wealth both before her, yet she had deliberately given up love and had chosen wealth. She made no efforts to justify herself in her own eyes.

"Those diamonds were too much for me," she said. "I cannot help it if I am not noble by nature."

Yet, when she had left the woods, and walked home through the meadows, something was gone from the sunlight, something from the song of the birds, which was never to be there again for her. She walked as one over whom a shadow lies. She had joined hands with sin—and sin is never a cheerful companion. The flowers and the trees, the color of the grass, had lost their charms for her—there was a dark shade over everything.

"Will it always be like this?" she thought. "If it is, I shall not find my future very bright."

Then the girl's heart misgave her. As she looked round, everything reminded her of Felix. She had walked with him down those groves, she had lingered with him by that stile and under those trees; he had been so much part of her life that she could not picture life without him.

"How shall live without him?" she said. "How shall I spend the days, the years without him!" Then she tried to harden her heart. "People cannot live on love and poetry," she told herself; "if they could, all would be well."

That same evening she said to Mrs. Haye:

"Mamma, I have been thinking it will be better for Felix and myself to part. I am afraid he has enough on his shoulders."

"I have thought so for some time, my dear," was the quiet reply. "Your engagement is folly, your marriage would be madness."

Then Violet went up to her mother, and put one arm round her neck.

"Mamma," she said, "you will save me all trouble?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Haye, "you may safely leave it all to me."

And so wealth won a soul not noble enough to live for love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BURIAL.—With the old Egyptians the grand object of a man's life was to leave behind him a deservedly good name. The Egyptians would not suffer praises to be bestowed indiscriminately on all deceased persons. This honor was to be obtained only from the public voice. The assembly of the judges met on the other side of a lake, which they crossed in a boat. He who sat at the helm was called Charon in the Egyptian language; and this first gave the hint to Orpheus, who had been in Egypt, and after him to the other Greeks, to invent the fiction of Charon's boat. As soon as a man was dead, he was brought to his trial. The public accuser was heard. If he proved that the deceased led a bad life, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of burial. The people were thus affected by laws, which extended even beyond the grave; and every one, struck with the disgrace inflicted on the dead person, was afraid to reflect dishonor on his own memory, and on his family. But if the deceased person was not convicted of any crime, he was interred in an honorable manner.

THE PORTUGESE LABORER.—When the Portugese day laborer has done his long day's labor, he does not lean against a post and smoke a pipe—nor does he linger in the wine-shop; but, if it is a holiday or a sunday, and in a rural district, he puts on a clean shirt; with a large gold or silver stud as a neck-fastening, and his newest hat, varying in shape according to locality, but always of black felt. He throws over his shoulders a black cloth cloak, with real gold or silver clasp. He takes his favorite ox-goad in his hand, as tall as himself, straight as an arrow, well rounded and polished, and bound with brass. He slings his guitar round his neck, and makes his way to the nearest fashionable threshing-floor—the peasant's drawing room. Here are gathered old and young of both sexes, come together for gossip, song, and dance. If it is the time of the reaping of the maize—or the harvest, or the vintage, or above all, the husking of the ear of maize—and if corn or wine have yielded well, then are the peasant's hearts glad within them, and song and dance are more than ever joyous.

The principles upon which Chinese prescriptions are founded are at least as complicated as the dose prescribed. According to the Chinese physiology, the human constitution is composed of King, Mich, Shway, Ho, Too—that is to say, gold, wood, water, fire, and earth. These are combined in various proportions, so that if all remain in harmony a man is in perfect health. If any one predominate, and acquire undue ascendancy, his system is deranged, and he suffers.

When young Behm, the editor of the "Geographical Year-Book," was married, the late Dr. Petermann planned and caused a silversmith to make, for his wedding present, a globe to serve as a butter dish, the upper half of which should lift as a cover. On the outer surface a map of the earth was engraved. To enhance the delicacy of the idea, the route the young couple would take was carefully set down, and the names of the places given where they were to tarry.

WEDDING GIFTS.

Wedding presents, now so common in the first stage of matrimony, have come down from the feudal system. In almost all parts of the civilized world such things are given and received, and I might add, expected.

In a start in married life certain necessaries in the way of furniture, linen, crockery, and so on, were always acceptable. Rich people and feudal lords would not object, on the bridal of their daughters, to receive presents from their vassals.

In different countries are different modes in vogue. The penny weddings in Scotland, are peculiar. Invited guests make contributions in money. One shilling is the general tribute, and half a crown is a princely offering. Out of the sum thus collected the not very costly expenses of the feast were paid, and the surplus went towards buying the furniture.

In the weddings of the poorer classes in Ireland, this levying contributions on guests, never takes place; for, however poor Paddy may be, his pride revolts from the appearance of poverty on such an occasion. There is a collection, however, to raise a sum for liberally compensating the clerical gentleman who "has tied the knot," and in the house of a rich farmer, this swells up to a good round sum.

In Wales, among the small farmers and traders, the custom prevails to this day, of "bidding," not single guests, but whole families to a wedding. That such an event is to come off, with the where and when, is duly advertised in the local newspapers, with a request that all persons who, in time past, have been similarly obliged in that manner, will attend, bringing presents for the bride and bridegroom. Besides this, particular and almost peremptory invitations, in writing, are sent to each household on whom the to-be-wedded folks may have some especial claim for former generosity under like circumstances. Presents of all sorts—food, furniture, flour, fuel, table and chamber linen, even sheep, lambs, calves, goats and ponies—are among the gifts.

In Germany there is the "pay wedding," at which the bride receives her guests with a basin before her, each person depositing a jewel, silver spoon, or a piece of money, at the same time apologizing for the donation being so far below value, compared with the damsel's deserts. In some parts of Germany the rule is that the expenses of the marriage feast shall be met by each guest paying for what he eats and drinks—just as if he were in a hotel, but not at fair hotel prices. Thus the entertainment sometimes extends over several days, and the young couple often realize a sum out of the profits sufficient to start them fairly in life. From one to three hundred guests are often present throughout these festivals.

Sometimes the flow of presents takes a very different course. In Poland, a lady is not regarded as eligible for double blessedness until she has wrought with her own hands cloth and garments for each of her future lord's friends (groomsmen) accompanying him to the altar.

In Norway, the clergyman has to be propitiated with two or three bladders of mince-meat, made by the hand of the bride, and a bottle or two of brandy. In that country most presents made on wedding occasions take the tangible form of larder supplies—at least, among the peasantry and artisans.

In most countries, at the present time, wedding presents may be said to abound. This system of inviting people to a bridal reception and expecting them to make a valuable present, has become a serious tax, and though much money is thus expended, the result is generally not quite satisfactory.

A STRANGE FUNERAL.—The funeral of the infamous Marat, assassinated by Charlotte Corday, was celebrated in Paris, July 17, 1793, with the greatest solemnity. All the sections joined the procession. Four women bore the bathing machine in which Marat was standing when he was assassinated; his shirt, stained with blood, was carried by a fury, in the shape of a woman, at the top of a pike. After this followed a wooden bedstead on which the corpse of Marat was carried by citizens. His head was uncovered, and the gash he had received could be easily distinguished. The procession was paraded through several streets, and was saluted on its march by several discharges of artillery.

A CURIOUS series of experiments has recently been carried out by Mr. Darwin to test the question whether carnivorous plants are really benefitted by the insects they capture and kill. He cultivated about two hundred plants of the genus Fly Trap—one half of them being fed with roast meat, and the others were left to take care of themselves. The result at the end of the season showed that the plants which had been supplied with meat weighed 31.5 per cent. more than the others, and their flower stems, seeds and capsules were two a half times heavier, and their seeds weighed 3.8 times more than the unfed plants.

MONKEY WITH TOOTHACHE.—One of the large monkeys in the Alexandra Palace, London, had been suffering from a decayed tooth, and an abscess, forming a large protuberance on the jawhad resulted. The pain seemed so great it was decided to consult a dentist, and as the creature was very savage, it was thought that if the tooth had to be extracted, the gas should be used for the safety of the operator. The monkey struggled against being put into a sack, prepared with a hole cut for his head, snapped and screamed, and gave promise of being troublesome, but at last submitted, and the tooth was removed.

PHYSICIANS IN CHINA.—In China there is free trade in physic. A dose of Chinese medicine is quite a curiosity. It is about the size of half a pound of moist sugar, and consists of twenty separate packets—four or five kinds of bark, a little orange peel, some walnuts, some gentian, and half a dozen other sorts, not unlike a small cake of blacking. These are all boiled together, and a good half pint of the decoction is to be taken quite hot as a dose.

PEOPLE DIFFER.—One of the Theological students at Oberlin acts as night baggage master and watchman at the railway station, doing his studying between trains, reciting mornings and sleeping afternoons. Another theologue, who entered at Oberlin this term, returned East after a day or two, homesick, because the students' rooms in Council Hall are not supplied with gas and hot and cold water.

The women smoke in Spain, and of course widow's "weeds" are quite common.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

E. H. Haines & Co., of Boston, announce that their publication, "The Literary World," will hereafter appear fortnightly instead of monthly. The yearly subscription price will be raised to $3, and 10 cents for single copies.

The Authors' Publishing Co., of New York, will soon publish a new and brilliant book entitled "Our Wedding Gifts," by the well known authoress, Amanda M. Douglass.

Peterson Bros. have just published "Helene," translated from the French of Emile Zola by Mary Neal Sherwood. The author ranks prominently among the great French novelists of the day, and the French edition of "Helene" has had such a success abroad that when introduced to American readers by such an excellent medium as Mrs. Sherwood, it cannot fail to attract here. It possesses intense realism of plot, passion and delineation of character, all carried out with true artistic conception and skill, while the descriptions are vivid pictures. Bound in paper; price 75 cents.

J. M. Bailey, the "Danbury News man," whose writings have been identified with many "quips and cranks of jollity," is again before the public with a book entitled "England from a Back Window and Views of Ireland and Scotland." While giving a plain, unaffected description of his travels he has invested them with a quaint vein of humor which will make the book as amusing as profitable to the reader. Published by Lea & Shepard, of Boston.

The lovers of "Mother Goose Melodies," which have been and always will be like household words, will be delighted with the new and novel style of an edition published by Lea & Shepard, of Boston. It possesses such new features of amusement as will attract old eyes as well as young, and displays a new departure in silhouettes, having fifty full page illustrations of white sketches on a black ground, executed very artistically by J. F. Goodridge. The effect is decidedly amusing and taking, and will be a welcome addition to the list of nursery books. For sale by Porter & Coates, of this city.

John Boyle O'Reilley, the able Irish writer, and well known as the editor of the Boston Pilot, and who can well be ranked among the list of poets, has published another volume of poems entitled "Songs, Legends and Ballads," some of which appeared in his previous publication of "Songs from the Southern Seas." Those which are reprinted in his last volume are however as acceptable to those who have read them as to those who are not familiar with them. The present volume will attract many readers, for it is written in the most pleasing and expressive style, showing a rich and varied imagination, possessing the purest tones of sentiment and fancy, to which he has given the most melodious expression, happily free from that obscurity of sentiment and meaning, as well as strange word coinage, which mars so much of the poetry of the present day. Published by the Pilot Publishing Co., of Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates, of this city.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have published "All Around the House, or How to Make Homes Happy," by Mrs. H. W. Beecher. A most exhaustive work, and one which all wives and mothers and those who love home should read.

The same firm publish "Remorse," from the French of Th. Bentzon. This is No. 13 of the Collection of Foreign Authors series, and is a good story, well told.

The above works are for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

"Byrne's Timber and Log Book, Ready Reckoner and Price Book" is a useful little volume, published by the American News Co., of New York. It is of use to lumber dealers, ship builders, merchants and traders, farmers and drovers, and all those engaged in buying or selling at either wholesale or retail. For sale by the Central News Co., of this city. Price 25 cents.

Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city, publish "On the Plains and Among the Peaks, or How Mrs. Maxwell Made Her Natural History Collection," by Mary Dartt. Those who visited the Centennial remember her collection vividly. It contains 237 pages and is very entertaining.

MAGAZINES.

November number of "Wide Awake" contains its usual attractive budget for children, composed of a charming variety of stories and illustrations, among which the editor—Elia Farman—has an amusing story called "Betty's Tramps," and there is an interesting sketch of Nora Perry.

The "Popular Science Monthly" for November, has its usual variety of articles, among which are: "Education as a Science;" "The Emotions in Education," by Prof. Bain, LL. D.; "The Radiometer," by J. W. Phelps; "The Contrast of Colors," by Prof. O. N. Rood, illustrated; "Titles," by Herbert Spencer; "The Differences Between Animals and Plants," by W. K. Brooks; "Plants and the Peopling of America" by Otto Kuntze; "The Place of English in the Higher Education," by A. B. Stark, L.L.D.; "The Ice Age," II, by L. B. Gratacap, Ph. D.

The latest number of the "British Quarterly Review," has its customary selection of readable articles on interesting subjects, among which are "The Three Treaties," "The Establishment," by Mr. Hughes; an article on incident and travel, entitled "Tent Work in Palestine;" "The Universities and the Renaissance," besides the usual discussion of contemporary literature. Published by The Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of New York.

The same publishers send us the October number of "Blackwood's Magazine," which is filled with interesting articles. The opening pages are devoted to a new serial entitled "The New Ordeal," a story of prospective incident similar to the style of the "Battle of Dorking." Part VII of "John Caldigate" is given. A gossippy article on "Three Days in Paris," and some translations from Heine.

The Magazine of American History for October excels the past numbers for merit. A fine steel portrait of Sam. Houston graces this number, and in a description of the Falls of Niagara, 1788, is a *fac simile* of a map showing the communication between the lakes. The article on "The Texas Revolution," by R. M. Porter, is very interesting, as are, in fact, all the papers in this number; and the Notes, Queries and Replies, and Literary Notices are in keeping with the general merit of the magazine. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 9, 1878.

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WILL our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to the POST and its liberal inducements? By doing so they will confer a great favor upon us. Compare the terms of the POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

MECHANICAL inventions are steadily taking the place of manual labor; among the latest changes is hop picking by machinery, which has been recently done with success in one of the hop growing districts of England. If successful, the immense hop gatherings and festivities incident to that season, will pass away like many other old time institutions.

WE trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of a club for calling the paper to their notice.

THE tendency to indulge in the superlative in conversation is very common and is done with an utter disregard of the inappropriate application of the expressions used. Adjectives are to nouns just what condiments are to the food—very good in moderation and when appropriately applied, but when language is overseasoned with them, or they are inaptly used, the effect is spoiled. Many people have a way of elaborating their speeches and writings with the idea that a profusion of these attributes lend strength to their arguments, while in reality it weakens them. It is not an uncommon thing to hear such phrases as "elegant weather," "awfully funny" or "awfully polite," "beautiful medicine," "lovely pickles," "magnificent potatoes;" while many others affirm that such a thing is the best or the worst they have ever seen, or they never laughed or were more surprised in all their lives. A moment's thought before using such extravaganzas of speech will show their inappropriateness. It is a great thing to drop the right word into the right place. Words are significant and should have their meaning well weighed before using.

ONE of the most unpleasant reminders to a woman that Youth is stealing away is to be considered *passee*. She shrinks from the inevitable consciousness of outwardly growing old while her heart still keeps young, and the keenest sting of Time is being thrust aside to make way for the young *regime*, for they come so soon—the school-girl of to-day is a woman to-morrow! and a competitor for that homage and admiration which a woman is so reluctant to relinquish to another; but the sting is far deeper when it tells a woman she is *passee*, and must retire from the field in which she has been queen while her heart is still full of cravings for its pleasures. Madame DeStael says "it is difficult to grow old gracefully" and such an accomplishment all women should study. Time bitterly avenges itself on those who cling tenaciously to departing youth, and attempt to evade the touches of swiftly passing years, for youth slips from the grasp, and leaves behind the bitter ashes of disappointment, while for those who bow to the inevitable approach of Time, a brightening tint is left to conceal the footprints made. What is a more melancholy sight than the matron who attempts to disguise the "silvery livery of advised age," beneath the gayest garments of youth competing side by side with her matronly daughter, and it is those who vainly tempt Time to challenge comparison with youth who ever feel the sting of being called *passee*. "One should regard gray hairs like the light of a soft moon silvering over the evening of life."

FICTION.

It has been said that the taste for sensationalism in fictional literature has had its day, and in its place is a desire for realism, for stories which represent contemporaneous life and individuals, but independent of this, the fondness for fiction is strong with the majority of readers. For one person who reads history and biography, there are ten who read works of fiction. A writer says very truly that "History tells us of great successes and great sorrows" but it is only Poetry and Fiction that can make them felt. Romance is indeed the interpreter of History, and while history often exaggerates and makes unnatural the heroes whose deeds she relates. Fiction makes them more human, supplies motives, and makes us understand what manner of men and women they were.

When it touches upon history, it depicts historical scenes so vividly before us, we never forget them. One will remember historical scenes in Scott and other fiction writers far better than those known only through the dull, colorless pages of Hume and other historians. But beyond this, fiction possesses more educational powers, it acquaints us with human life and makes us know the feelings of others around us; it supplies the noble motives and ends and heroic sentiments of life, and in elevating our feelings, makes us better men and women. Even the Great Master frequently chose fiction as the most simple and enduring mode of teaching His truths, and gave them in the form of parables.

As a rule, life is not seen in a picturesque form; our childhood may be passed in mean and petty struggles; our youth in dreams of selfish ambition and success in life. If it were not for romance many a life would be passed in carting turnips, weighing sugar, measuring tapes, or haggling over sordid bargains, while many would live in dark oblivion of life's pleasures and sunshine, except that which glimmers through the chinks of romance, but fiction comes to throw its bright light into these dull occupations and show them other ends and aims in life. A beautiful story, a disinterested motive, a noble sacrifice well portrayed by fiction, comes like a fairy's wand, and can change the sordid thoughts into those of nobler aims. We often read of noble sacrifices among the poor, and no doubt they have only carried out the noble dream of life which sprung from the seed of heroism, wafted into the young heart on the filmy, fairy wings of fiction and romance. A great responsibility then rests upon the writers of fiction. In their hands it becomes a great blessing or a curse. A good novel is perhaps the best teacher the world knows; a bad novel can be the greatest tempter to depravity and sin.

The teaching of romance should always be to love the noble and beautiful even if poor, and that marriage should be what God intended it to be—an affair of the heart and love, and not of the pocket. It brings back men to the teachings of nature, and makes us know that life is not all buying and selling, and in softening the hard, rugged nature, starts the well-spring of the heart flowing with tender sympathies for poor humanity. As a writer says, legitimately produced and truly inspired, fiction interprets humanity, informs the understanding and quickens the affections. It is the mirror of life in which we all see ourselves reflected, it warns us against prevailing social follies, adds rich specimens to our cabinet of character, dramatizes life for the unimaginative, degauerreotypes it for the unobservant, multiplies experience for the isolated or inactive, and cheers age, retirement and invalidism with an available and harmless solace. They are to be pitied to whose lives there comes no flavor of romance and fiction.

SANCTUM CHAT.

BIERSTADT, the artist, proposes to open a gallery in London or Paris especially for the productions of the best American artists, which will enable them to have a stronger foothold on which to establish a competition with foreign artists.

NEW YORK is putting in her claim for the next grand "World's Fair," and they suggest a meeting of State delegates on the 30th of April next to decide upon the year, as there are different opinions as to the appropriate time, 1889, the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the government under the Constitution, or 1883, the year the British troops left New York, and American Independence was finally achieved.

PERSONS who are victims to that disagreeable malady sea-sickness, will rejoice to know that a positive remedy or preventive has been discovered. It is claimed by an eminent German professor that the inhalation of "nitrite of amyl" will entirely prevent the nausea, which he states, is caused by the largely diminished supply of blood to the brain; a theory which many known facts of pathology and physiology seem to confirm.

A PHYSICIAN has lately discovered the healing influence of milkweed juice applied to the raw surface of wounds. It is well to know that a weed so common to our country roads and fields, possesses such curative qualities, for there is nothing more irritating and inconvenient to an active person than a wound which delays healing. The only essential point in the use of the milkweed, is to dry the wounded surface gently and thoroughly with blotting paper, before applying the juice.

As an evidence of the increase of our manufacturing interests, it is said that forty years ago all the cigars smoked in the United States were imported. Of the two thousand millions now consumed in this country, 90 per cent. are made here. Nearly all the finest cigars used to come from Cuba, and the inferior quality from Germany, but there is now no foreign importation, and the same can almost be said of Havana cigars. The home-made goods are considered as good as the imported; the tobacco is manufactured as in Havana, and the workman is quite as expert. Many of the brands of cigars which have the semblance of having been imported, are of home manufacture. As it has been with cigars, so it is with cigarettes, which are largely manufactured in this country, and the cultivation of tobacco is largely on the increase.

CAPITAL punishment in France, is, at present, conducted with comparative privacy. The guillotine is erected noiselessly during the night before the execution, and the criminal is informed at daybreak that his hour has come. At the earliest dawn the execution takes place. Yet usually a little crowd of spectators has gathered. As recently there has been some unseemly conduct on the part of the populace at the execution of certain criminals in France, a proposition to have all future executions strictly private within the prison precincts is now under consideration. There is no doubt but that detailed accounts of executions, such as are given in our daily newspapers from time to time, and the immense throngs which gather to witness the horrible performance in all its details, are not only unpleasant to a majority, but thoroughly unprofitable. If horrible and vulgar details of crime were suppressed in our family newspapers, the entire community would be benefitted.

IN all nations, women resort to some device by which to increase their charms, and the variety of means used when compared, show to what extent the standard of beauty differs among nations. The ladies of Japan are said to gild their teeth, and those of the Indies to paint them red, while in Guzerat the test of beauty is to render them sable. In Greenland, the women used to color their faces with blue and yellow. The Chinese must torture their feet into the smallest possible dimensions—a proof positive of their contracted understandings. The ancient Peruvians, and some other Indian tribes, used to flatten their heads; and among other nations, the mothers, in a similar way, maltreat the noses of their offspring. In contrast to this it is said, that in England there is in course of formation a "School of Beauty" in which the members pledge themselves to make themselves comely by natural means only. Prizes will be given to those ladies who can move with ease and grace, and so afford evidence of the free use of their limbs, and although stays may be used as a means of support, they shall not be deemed essential as an accessory to beauty.

POISONED arrows and spears, and the use of charms have always been prominent among the weapons of barbaric warfare, and the vegetable kingdom supplies many varieties which were considered the most deadly agencies, but the inhabitants of the lower Murray district of Australia have adopted a most destructive and terrible poison for killing their enemies in using the specific animal poison developed in the human corpse: the instrument used for inoculating an enemy with it is called *nieljeri*. It has at present become a most destructive weapon in the hands of the natives, who adopted it with greater eagerness, as their former belief in charms is dying out. The use of nieljeri is very much facilitated by the fact that the natives do not bury their dead, but preserve them above ground. Into such a corpse, the point of the spear consisting of a sharp-pointed piece of human bone, six to eight inches long, is inserted, then a bunch of hair or feathers is saturated with the fat of the decomposing body and tied about the pointed bone; this apparatus is the nieljeri. With it the murderer stealthily approaches his victim, touches the skin with the sharp poisoned point, and, undetected—as often happens in consequence of the narcotic sleep of the natives after one of their gigantic meals—he steals away unsuspected. Soon, the terrible effects of the cadaveric poisoning make their appearance, and death ensues under the most excruciating pains.

THE enigma of that much dreaded disease hydrophobia, which has so long baffled medical skill and scientific inquiry, has been taken up by prominent English scientists, who have instructed the English minister at Washington to bring the subject before this Government with a view to co-operation. A prize of $500 is offered by the Royal College of Physicians, of London, for the best essay on hydrophobia, its nature, prevention, and treatment, and the dog will no longer be looked upon as a dreaded enemy of humanity. The essay must be delivered to the college on or before January 1st, 1880, and may be the production of two or more authors. The questions which are thought by the college specially to require investigation are:—The origin and history of outbreaks of rabies; the best mode of prevention of rabies; the characteristics of rabies during life and the anatomical and chemical changes which are associated with the disease in its successive stages, particularly in its commencement; the origin of hydrophobia in man; the chemical and anatomical morbid changes observed in the subjects of the disease, with special reference to those having their seat in the organs of the nervous system and in the salivary glands; the symptoms of the disease, particularly in its early stage, as illustrated in well observed cases; the diagnosis of the disease in doubtful cases from conditions more or less resembling it; the alleged latency of the malady; the efficacy of the various remedies and modes of preventing the disease which have been proposed, and what plan of treatment, whether prophylactic or curative, it would be most desirable to recommend for future trial.

THE ROMANCE OF DEATH.

They tell us that as Solomon was one day walking with a person in Palestine, his companion said to him with some horror, "What ugly Being is that which approaches us? I do not like his visage. Send me, I pray thee, to the remotest mountain of India." Solomon complied, and the very moment he was sent off, the ugly Being arrived. "Solomon," said the Being, "how came that fellow here? I was to have fetched him from the remotest mountain of India." Solomon answered, "Angel of Death, thou wilt find him there."

So runs a grim and striking Eastern apologue. There is, indeed, no escape from Destiny, but we are as ignorant of the way in which we shall quit the world's vast stage as we were of the way in which we entered upon it.

Of the truth of this, biography and tradition have combined to supply us with very various and very ample illustrations. Singular, indeed, are the legends which have gathered about the deaths of some of the most distinguished men who have figured in the world's history. It would be absurd to suppose that these legends are in all cases true. Some of them are obviously fabrications; some, having a groundwork of truth, were in all likelihood distorted and exaggerated; and some may, in spite of their intrinsic improbability, be literally true. All of them, we may add, rest on authority as valid and respectable as that on which far more important events have been based.

We will deal first with the Greeks, and it is not a little singular that they have scarcely ever failed to make the deaths of their literary heroes as marvellous as their lives. Homer, they tell us, died of a broken heart, because he could not guess a riddle. Seeing, or rather hearing, for the tradition of his blindness is too universal to be discredited, some young fishermen in a boat, he unfortunately asked them what sport they had had. To which they replied, "As many as we caught we left; as many as we could not catch we carry with us." This was too much for the author of the Iliad; he guessed and guessed, till he could guess no longer, and finally died of sheer vexation. Aristotle went off in precisely the same way, because he could not understand a more interesting riddle set by Nature, namely, the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the Euripus. He indignantly exclaimed, "Since I cannot conceive the Euripus, let the Euripus receive me." Some one wrote, speaking of Charles the Second's death, "Kings should disdain to die, and only disappear"—that is, abscond into the other world. Now, as Charles died in his bed, and was a most unconscionable time about doing so, as he remarked apologetically to his attendants, he can scarcely be said to have illustrated the remark, but if we are to believe Athenæus and Ælian, Philetas, though not a king, but a poor poet, actually did. He had reduced himself to such a pitch of tenuity by reflection and study, that he was obliged to wear lead soles to his boots, to keep himself from from being blown away, or possibly from rising like a balloon into the celestial sphere. However, the end of Philetas was, as Athenæus gravely assures us, evaporation—he positively evaporated.

Anacreon was choked with a grapestone. Sophocles is said by some to have come to the same end, though according to others he died of joy at being victor in his last tragic contest. Euripides was torn in pieces by dogs hounded on by some women in revenge for his misogynism. Alexis, according to Plutarch, fell dead on the stage while they were crowning him with laurel. Æschylus was killed by an eagle dropping a tortoise on his bald head, mistaking, it is supposed, the shining poll of the poet for a stone. Bycus, one of the most passionate and brilliant of Hellenic lyrists, was murdered by some robbers in a desert, and revenged by crows which were flying overhead when the bloody deed was done. Honest Hesiod also came to a melancholy end, though he "got his grave," for his corpse having been thrown into the sea, it was solemnly brought to shore on the backs of some dolphins. Eupolis, the great comic poet, was, they say, thrown into the sea by Alcibiades in revenge for the poet's libels on him, without Hesiod's good fortune. Cleanthes, the Stoic, suffering from an ulcer in his mouth, and having been advised by his physician to abstain from food for two days, calmly observed at the end of the second day that as he had now advanced so far on the road to death, he did not think it worth while retracing his steps, persisted in abstinence, and died of starvation. The prince of grammarians, Aristarchus, terminated a life of unbroken study in the same extraordinary way. Perhaps death was never approached so merrily as by Chrysippus. That venerable philosopher, if we are to believe a statement quoted by Diogenes Laertius, died from a fit of laughter brought on by seeing an ass eating figs. Tertullian, a grave father of the church, be it remembered, tells us that the efforts of the same poor innocent in trying to get down some thistles, had a similar effect on Licinius Crassus—made him, in fact, laugh himself into his grave. Amusement was no joke in those days.

One of the most extraordinary deaths, or rather suicides, on record is that of Peregrinus Proteus. This man, modifying the ambition of Empedocles, who jumped into the crater of Mount Etna, betook himself to the Olympic games. He then ordered a funeral pyre to be laid in a conspicuous place, and having succeeded in attracting the attention of the mob, proceeded to mount the pyre, set fire to it, and deliberately burnt himself to death before the eyes of the astonished spectators. A deep mystery hangs over the fate of the great Demosthenes, though it is pretty clear that he poisoned himself. History contains few sadder stories than the story of Isocrates' latter end. Unable to survive the independence of the country he loved so well, he terminated a life of incessant toil by his own hand. Perhaps a memory of the "old man eloquent" may have steeled Brutus in his stern purpose under similar circumstances. His uncle, the philosopher Seneca, perished in the same way.

The fate of the elder Pliny must give him a place among the martyrs of science. Wishing to get a near view of the extraordinary phenomena which preceded the great eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, he ordered his servants to prepare a vessel to make for its neighborhood. There, note-book in hand, the greatest naturalist of antiquity perished, stifled it is supposed, by the noxious vapors which came welling up from the ground.

In modern times, Duns Scotus—the subtle doctor—the appalling author of thirteen folio volumes before he was thirty-three, was buried alive. He had fallen down in a fit, was taken for dead and hurried into his coffin. After a while poor Duns, it appears, recovered, beat, tore, and scratched; but all in vain, he became in good earnest a denizen of his horrible prison. Whether Moliere, the French poet, actually expired while supporting the character of a sick man who pretends to be dead, is doubtful. A Latin epitaph, written at the time, asserts it as a certain fact.

'Twas a curious coincidence that Falconer, the author of that fine descriptive poem, The Shipwreck, should have perished in the casualty he so nobly describes, and that Shelley should have anticipated so accurately in poetical description his own fate.

The impious and profligate Pietro Aretino, who boasted that he had libelled everybody dead or alive, with the exception of the Almighty, whom he had spared because he knew nothing about Him, terminated his existence characteristically. He was drinking and enjoying himself with certain other ecclesiastics, and one of them, telling a story of Aretino's sisters, little enough to their credit, the wit leaned his chair back to laugh with full freedom, slipped, and dashed out his brains on the marble floor. Edgar Allen Poe gasped out a life the world could ill spare in the agonies of a drunken debauch. And who has not cursed the fatal brawl which robbed us of Christopher Marlowe by murder at the age of twenty-nine.

It is curious to observe how many of our tragic writers have terminated their existence in a tragic manner—in a manner, we may add, which corresponded only too closely with the character of their lives. Robert Greene, worn with debauchery, was carried off, it is said, by a surfeit of red herrings. There is no sadder book in literature than his dying homily, "A Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance." That Otway died miserably is clear, though it is not easy to learn the precise manner of his death. Johnson gives three accounts, either that he literally starved to death, or that rushing out in the rage of hunger into the coffee-house, where, a gentleman giving him a guinea, he bought a roll and choked himself with the first mouthful, or, thirdly, that he died of a fever caught by a violent pursuit of a thief who had robbed one of his friends. Poor Nat. Lee! his "Rival Queens" is certainly one of the gems of the later drama, and his other plays with all their bombast are full of beauties. He had been, it is said, carousing with a party of friends, none of whom had the grace to see him home. In the morning he was found dead in the streets, which were covered with snow. A dray had passed over the body, whether before or after death was uncertain.

Who has ever penetrated the mystery that wraps the last hour of the gentle poetess L. E. L.? Was it accident or was it choice that guided the deadly phial to her lips on that lonely night? Poison rent the veil of the future for Condorcet, who was found lying lifeless in his dungeon, with his finger pointing to a passage in Horace. Winkelmann, and Davila, John Hampden's favorite author, fell under the assassin's blow. There is something which strikes us as peculiarly terrible about the fate of Sir John Suckling, one of the most charming of our minor lyric poets. He had been robbed by his valet, the fellow fled, and, knowing that his master would pursue him as soon as the theft was discovered, stuck the blade of a penknife into one of Suckling's boots. Suckling, perceiving that he had been robbed, acted as the fellow anticipated, and, plunging his foot impetuously into his boot, ran the penknife into his flesh, and died of the consequences. Lord Brooke, one of the profoundest and most original thinkers who ever expressed himself in verse, met with a terrible fate. He had a favorite servant who had attended him faithfully for many years. The man, it seems, was dissatisfied with the remuneration he was receiving, and on expostulating with his master was severely reprimanded. In a paroxysm of fury he seized a knife and stabbed Brooke in the back mortally. Immediately afterward the fellow committed suicide with the knife which was still reeking with his master's lifeblood.

Death can never be made cheerful, but as we have been dwelling so long on its more appalling phases it may be well to vary the note and contemplate it, if not in pleasant, at least in curious forms. The amiable and saintly Berkeley was the innocent cause of the death of Malebranche. He went to pay Malebranche a visit, and he found him suffering from an inflammation in the lung. The conversation turned upon the non existence of matter, and it waxed so hot and loud that poor Malebranche increased his disorder to such an extent that he died soon after. Goldsmith and the poet Edmund Smith, whose life has been written by Johnson, fell victims to their own folly in prescribing for themselves in opposition to their medical advisers; perhaps Salmasius, and certainly Sir Robert Walpole, must be added to the list. Shadwell and the Abbe Bourdelot died from overdoses of opium, and Serjeant Talfourd, it is said, narrowly escaped the same fate. The eminent scholar Kuster, a name which can never be mentioned without respect by philologists, brought about his death in a singular manner. It was his habit to study at a low table, surrounded with three or four circles of books placed on the floor. The continual stooping which was thus necessitated by the position of the books and the table caused an abscess in the pancreas, from which he died. A surfeit of melons brought another mighty scholar, Argyropulus, to the grave.

Cowley died of a cold caught by sleeping in a field when intoxicated. The poet Shenstone died of a fever taken by sleeping in a cart to spite his mistress, with whom he had quarrelled. Parnell, author of that beautiful poem, the "Hermit," drank himself into his grave in grief at his wife's death, and Bishop Gauden brought about his own end by personal pique acting on an oversensitive temperament. The poet Fletcher defied the London plague in order to get a new suit of clothes, and died.

Such are some of the forms which Death has assumed, but since he must come, it were better he should find all as he found Socrates; as he found La Place and Boyle and Arnauld, and Berkeley and Chalmers and Hunter—whose last words were, "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die!"

Foreign Land Laws.

In no country in the world, probably, have the lawyers ever succeeded in building so curious and wonderful a system as the English land laws. It would seem that they must have been designed expressly to hinder a free exchange in land, and to keep vast estates unbroken through long generations. At all events, that is precisely what the result is, and the transferring of a piece of land is so expensive and serious a business that owners and buyers are always reluctant to enter upon it.

A well known writer on this subject says he has "known the deed of settlement of one estate to require many months for its preparation, to cover nearly a barrow load of paper when written out preparatory to being engrossed on parchment, and to cost over $2,000 for the conveyancer's charges alone, without reckoning either the lawyers' charges or the cost of the necessary stamps."

About two-thirds of all the land of the United Kingdom is under the law of entail and settlement; that is, the descent is fixed and inalienable for some generations, at least. When there is no will, by the law of primogeniture the property goes to the eldest male heir; but a will may dispose of it otherwise, and primogeniture is, after all, more the result of custom than of law, for the descent is generally regulated by will.

The law is substantially this: The owner of freehold or copyhold land may devise or convey it upon trust for any number of lives then in being, and for twenty-one years after. For example, a man having children or grandchildren living may settle his estate upon himself for life, with the estate in remainder to his eldest son for life upon his (the father's) death, with remainder to his eldest grandson for life upon the death of his son; and, finally, the estate, upon the death of the grandson, in default of issue, to go to younger sons for twenty-one years more. If the property came to a man unfettered, this is what he might do in the way of fixing the descent; but, as a matter of fact, he rarely has so wide a field to work upon, for he nearly always enters upon it as property in trust for some one else, and the most he can do is to fix the descent one step further into the future than his predecessor was able to do. In fact, he is not much more than a manager of the property, with full power to use the revenue of it.

Under the working of this law, the relation of father and eldest son is a very curious one. The latter is the real owner of the estate, and the former is the "man in possession." The father can make no further settlement without the consent of the son, for he holds it in trust only; and the son, on the other hand, has no legal hold upon the revenues, but is dependent upon the father's will for that. Yet the son, if of age, may borrow money without limit, and the claim is good against the estate, and the father can do nothing to prevent it, though the claims are not available until the death of the father. Hence, it often happens that a son comes into an estate burdened with debts equal to its whole revenue. The land cannot be sold to satisfy these claims, but the whole revenue may be regularly eaten up to pay them. Money lenders are generally very ready to advance money in this way to heirs who have not yet come into their estates, and many estates pass from heir to heir burdened with such loads of debt as to almost make the possessors of them poor men, though nominally owners of great wealth.

The father is usually desirous that the estate shall be enjoyed by the younger sons after the death of the eldest, in case of no issue on the part of that son. He cannot so settle it of himself, but must have the consent of the son after he has come of age, and hence it commonly happens that father and son together fix the further succession, and the son may insist upon a share in the present revenue, if he so wishes, as a condition of giving such consent. Generally the further succession is fixed as soon as the heirs come of age, and the result is that most estates are bound up beyond all power of alienation for periods between forty and one hundred years.

The tenants for life commonly have no power of selling, and only limited power of leasing. When there is power to sell, the proceeds are nearly all directed to be reinvested in the purchase of other land, to be held on similar conditions of trust as the original. Hence, even where power to sell is given, the estates rarely diminish in size, but are usually found to increase considerably. In many localities freehold land is scarcely to be had on any terms, and the public is compelled to build on ground leased for, say, ninety-nine years.

Here comes in another bad feature of the law. All houses built upon leased land become absolutely the property of the landlord upon the expiration of the leases, and entirely without compensation to the owners. It often happens that whole blocks of houses are thus suddenly added to the possessions of the owners of the land. If the Dukes of Westminster and Portland could be interviewed on this subject, and made to tell the unvarnished truth, they could all tell of immense additions to their London estates by this means. In many large towns the greater part of the houses are built upon leased property, mostly for ninety-nine years.

The greater part of the large town of Sheffield is built upon land that pays ground rent to the Duke of Norfolk. When these leases are run out, Sheffield will be literally the Duke of Norfolk's town.

The tendency of the system is steadily to increase the size of farms, and drive out the small freehold proprietors, who were once much more numerous than now. The small farmers are fast disappearing, and peasant proprietors of the soil, so numerous in the United States and nearly all the Continental countries, are there almost unknown.

Cumberland and Westmoreland were once famous for their farmers, but these, too, are rapidly disappearing, and their little farms go to make large estates, which are already entirely too large.

The highlands of Scotland have been specially affected in this way of recent years. These regions have lately become favorite resorts for hunting and fishing, and immense tracts have been almost entirely depopulated to make way for deer forests. A rude but hardy and honest race of people once inhabited those highland glens, and earned a scanty but independent living on their little plots of ground. In most cases they held it upon very low rent, and in some cases paid no rent at all, though they did not own the ground. When the land became so valuable for purposes of raising game, these primitive people were told to find homes elsewhere. More than 2,000,000 acres in Scotland have been thus depopulated and turned into deer forests. The whole of Scotland has a little less than 19,000,000 acres.

England stands entirely alone in this unfair division of the land of the country. There alone the old feudal tenure still holds. In France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland—in all Europe in fact—the feudal tenure has been done away with. Before the French revolution of 1789 most of the land on the Continent was governed by a feudal tenure about the same as that of England at present.

The Code Napoleon set the land question right in France by providing for the equal distribution of all property of a deceased person among the children, without regard to age or sex.

Belgium and Holland have essentially the same law. In Austria, Germany, and Switzerland the situation is not greatly different from that in France.

It is very certain that this different distribution of land on the Continent, as compared with the United Kingdom, is what accounts mostly for the different distribution of wealth.

The national debts of France and England are now not far apart in amount, that of France being a little the larger. The French debt is held by 5,380,000 persons, being an average of about $855 to each holder. England's debt, on the other hand, by the latest returns, is held by about 300,000 persons, being on an average of about $12,500 to each holder. In France, the masses of the people seem to be the bondholders; in England, the capitalists. Instead. In France there are about 7,500,000 land owners, of whom some 5,000,000 have little plots of six acres, as an average. In England the number of land owners is put down at 1,170,000. In France, one person in five is a land owner; in England, one in thirty. In England, however, 850,000 of these owners have in the aggregate but 188,000 acres, being an average of a trifle more than one-fifth of an acre each.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come, tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles!—a score!
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure!
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream—do thou the same;
We love—forever;
We laugh, yet fear the shame—
The gentle—never!
Stay, then, till sorrow dies,
Then hope, and starry skies
Are thine forever!

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XV—[CONTINUED.]

For some time the singing went on. I knew, by Denis's frequent exclamations at his mother's unaccountable moves, that one pair of eyes belonging to the chess-players were intent on our movements; but, after a while, either Lady Fernley's suspicions slept or the game grew very interesting, for, on looking round, I saw two absorbed faces.

I drew a little note from my pocket, and laid it upon the keys of the piano, near Eustace Towerscourt.

He gave an almost imperceptible start, a flashing look, and then the note was thrust into his pocket, and he was calmly urging me to sing a song then at the height of its fame—"The Danube River." Why did he choose it at that moment? With a calm proud air I began it; but, when the oft-recurring, almost whispered:

"Ah, shall I forget that night in June,
Upon the Danube River!"

came for the third or fourth time, with its soft, lapping, wave-like accompaniment, the memory of a real night in June spent upon the swift, beautiful Danube only two years prior—before I realized that I was isolated from my adored husband—smote me sharply.

What a difference there was between that time and this, when in his very presence I was surreptitiously giving a note to a stranger! I went on singing, but my throat seemed to swell with emotion.

"Ah, Sylvia, do you remember that night?"

To my utter surprise Denis had come behind me and put his hands upon my shoulders; he met my startled look with a softer one than he had recently given me, and I was tremblingly silent.

Lord Towerscourt rose so quickly that his chair fell with a crash, and the next instant the door closed upon him.

"Is Eustace ill? He has been very ill lately," Denis said, frowning, and withdrawing a few paces.

"Illness may not have taken him away," I said, gently taking Denis's hand as his mother remarked in a disgusted tone:

"You evidently feel chess wearisome—I had better perhaps follow your cousin's discreet example."

"No, do not go, Lady Fernley; but I should like to speak with you alone, Denis," I said, rising, and not loosing his hand.

An idea had presented itself, roused by the song and its attendant gentle memories, and their effect upon him.

I loved him still so passionately that I longed for one more chance, not to bring back his affection—that was impossible—but to restore each to the old place in the other's esteem.

Let him but relax in his efforts to keep me altogether apart from my mother, and I would never reproach him even in thought for the past, and take care that he should never be troubled by sight or knowledge of her again.

"Will you come, Denis?" I urged imploringly.

Lady Fernley got up and swept across the room.

"It is not likely that I should turn you out of your own drawing room; but, Denis——" Her look said, "Beware of yielding!"

Denis made a slight effort to release his hand; it was enough for me.

With a faint, bitter laugh I dropped it.

"What have you to say that my mother may not hear? She has my full confidence. I dislike to exclude her."

"Lady Fernley has not my confidence!" I cried warmly. "My mother does not stand more hopelessly between you and me than does your mother between me and you. If you place her claims in competition with mine, I have no more to say."

"Your claims bear no comparison," he said, with a darkening of his whole aspect. "Through my life she has been my first friend and most honest adviser. Mother you have nothing to reproach yourself with!"

"This is a son to love and cherish her," I thought, watching him with his mother, who now shed tears.

My lips quivered as I said:

"It is manifest whose claims you think highest, and your mother may be all you say; but she is human, and made one mistake, we must both allow, when she broke Mary Neville's heart, and so paved the way for this most miserable union of ours!"

He turned upon me with fiercest anger in his face and attitude; then my passion appeared, not in real heat, but in frozen scorn.

I drew a little nearer, and said slowly and with a smile:

"Strike, Denis—I know you can strike a woman!"

He raised his hands, and I thought my taunt would have been awfully repaid, still I never blanched.

Then they fell to his sides, and he staggered out of the room.

Long after all sounds about the house had ceased I waited patiently in my room. I was expecting the answer to my note; but time sped, and no small white missive was pushed under the door.

Then another person contemned and despised me, and I was not mistaken in thinking that Lord Towerscourt had changed towards me in the last few days! Perhaps his cousin had confided in him; at all events he disregarded my request, and I was alone now, friendless and without a single helping hand.

Pacing the floor, at times bathing my hot forehead, I thought deeply.

What if he showed that letter? How Denis and his mother would loathe me for asking help from their relative against them!

Ha! Suppose Lady Fernley had that letter now, and was rejoicing at having found out my iniquity, and enlarging on it, and inciting her son to new acts of tyranny!

If Towerscourt betrayed me, few were the hours left me to act in now, unless I bribed the servants. Jessa gone, to whom could I apply?

At last an idea occurred to me; it was as wild as any, but I was getting reckless.

I would go to Mrs. Escombe; and, because my goings and comings were watched, and I knew I should be prevented meeting her at present, I resolved to quit Beechwood that very night.

From her house I could ascertain my mother's abode. I was no meek loving girl at that hour; the scathing contempt and hatred for their tyrannical practices spread to the followers of them.

I resolved to leave the wicked meddling woman, and the weak cruel man who had wrung my loving heart and cast it from him, and who, though so full of his family repute, was unrestrained by justice or tenderness.

Yes, I would leave him, and, if from my aunt's house we could not make terms; and he employed the law to force me to live with him again, in his fear that I should disgrace him if not looked after, why, then I would leave my extrication to future plans.

It was now three o'clock. I hurried on a walking dress, took a small travelling-bag, and gave one look round the familiar room.

Then I unlocked the door, drew out the key, locked it on the outside, and hid the key beneath the matting which lined the corridor, to prevent my absence being discovered at seven by Lady Fernley's maid, who regularly offered assistance, which I as regularly declined.

Stepping softly down the massive oak staircase, with my bag in one hand, and clinging to the balustrade with the other, and trembling for fear because of the tapping of my high heeled shoes, I was thinking eagerly how, though the great gates were shut, there was a way across the park to a place where two or three railings were deficient.

I recollected with a thrill of fierce pleasure that Lady Fernley was aiding my escape by having complained of those broken railings at dinner to Denis and censured Moore's negligence.

The night was dark and still, but my early life had rendered me courageous about such things, and the long walk by night, through park, wood, lane, and road, was not counted among my difficulties. I knew that a coach would pass through L—— at six o'clock, and meant to be in time to catch it and get to the Midland line by seven.

I had descended one flight, and passed the library and drawing room; there was a door at the end of a passage leading to the smoking room, and, as I approached this, still in the dark, I heard a sudden movement and saw a faint glimmer of light.

For an instant I crouched behind a large marble group of Virginius and Virginia. After waiting some minutes, as all was silent, I thought myself deceived, and, slowly emerging, again went on cautiously.

All at once, in the pitch darkness, I knew that I was being followed. I stopped, and my pursuer stopped—I went on, my pursuer moved too—a stair creaked, and my pursuer glided nearer; and now my heart beat so loudly that I felt as if that alone would betray me.

What or who could it be that was surely, stealthily creeping after me?

All at once I flew down the stairs panic-stricken, and made with mad, desperate haste for the door. The thing, creature or person, sprang after me, and was as quick. I touched the door. I was pounced on and held in a grasp of iron, and for the second time in my life lost consciousness.

CHAPTER XVI.

What room was this? Did I know it? There were arm chairs about—I was in one; a small hand lamp burned on the table, where were cigar stands, curious pipes, decanters and glasses, and a lady's hat.

Why was I, in my walking dress, in the smoking room at Beechwood at night, and who was this—oh, who was this bending over me, holding my hand, and supporting my strangely heavy head against his shoulder, over which my long hair streamed loose?

"Thank Heaven! I thought I had frighted you to death."

These words came muffled as I lifted up my head and gazed bewildered into a face I surely knew—it was that of Eustace Towerscourt.

"Oh, how strange!" I sighed, and tried feebly to brush off some of the water with which I was freely sprinkled.

"Don't move yet," he said; and I was so weak that I obeyed him, and leant back against the cushioned chair, while he took up my task and wiped my hair with his handkerchief.

The clock struck four. I remembered all.

"But for you I should have been far away by now," I said, with peevish misery, averting my face.

"Where were you going?" he asked.

"To Mrs. Escombe, my aunt."

"And I stopped your flight at this hour! Were you going alone?"

"Am I not always alone in this house? Could any one be more solitary?"

"Thank Heaven I too was solitary and sleepless to-night, and chose to pass the time down stairs! Still, if you had escaped, I should have felt it and followed you."

There was a strange energy in his voice.

"So you say, though but for you I should not have thought of leaving Beechwood to night:" and I felt a sudden anger as I looked at him. "Of your own accord you proffered me your friendship, and begged me to rely on you. I did so, and at the first test you fail me, you desert me." And I was so faint and weak that tears stole down my cheeks. "You might have done it; it was not very much, and you are free to go and come."

"I suppose you have had a lovers' quarrel with Denis, and your flight is in revenge. My eyes are opened to you, Mrs. Fernley. I saw the manner of your return home on the night your mother was injured;" and he spoke passionately, and his eyes flashed in the dim light. "I see you are reconciled. I have noted his jealousy of the least attention paid you, and his mother's suspicion of any interference. That song too—how nicely you sang it to him, your two hearts responding to some chord unknown to me, at the very moment I had your note! Surely you are the coldest of coquettes. But I will be no woman's dupe. It is the strategy of coquetry to affect imaginary woes and isolation. You are not alone while your husband adores you and is jealous of every other man; but I presume, in some fit of romantic delicacy, because he treated your mother ill, you would have me for your ambassador to her."

"Would to Heaven that your words were true, and that I sat here the veriest coquette that ever deceived men for the sake of her vanity! Better that than this!" I cried, as I looked blankly at him and repeated mechanically, "Reconciled—Denis adore me! I will go; I'm sorry I troubled you," I added. "It was wrong to write, I suppose; please destroy my letter. If I had not known that your heart was given away, and only compassion left for anyone else, I should not have asked you to find out my mother for me."

To my surprise he sank upon the ground at my feet, and buried his fair head in the folds of my dress.

"Rise, rise, Lord Towerscourt!" I cried impatiently. "It was foolish of me to dream that friendship was possible between us."

"But it is—it shall be!" he said, lifting his face. "I swear it here at your feet. I was petulent and perhaps mistaken, but you are not sufficiently frank with me. Tell me more; this is my only opportunity if I go to-morrow. I will serve you thoroughly if you will be unreserved and make our friendship real; but, if not——"

"What then?" He sprang up laughing.

"I shall go to Denis and tell him that I caught you as you were making a flitting at three o'clock in the morning."

"Why should you do that?" I cried in alarm.

"Because you have frightened me," he answered seriously, leading me back to my chair; "and I shall not let you go till you promise not to attempt it again. Your best friends could not pardon such a wild freak. What put it into your head?"

"Something has gone wrong with our life here," I said hastily. "I wished to consult my aunt about it; she does not answer my letters, so I wanted to go and see her."

"At three o'clock in the morning? A sensible arrangement, Mrs. Fernley!" he observed, smiling.

"I had no option."

"It would have been useless. I heard to-day that her son was attacked by typhus fever; and Mrs. Escombe, on going to visit him, has caught it, too. Now"—stopping an exclamation of distress—"will you not confide in me? I am of the family; let us keep our difficulties among ourselves. On the word of a gentleman I will assist and advise you to the best of my ability, and you'll never find a friend more interested in you."

I stood and reflected that I was terribly in want of a friend; he knew already much of the sad story, and from his quickness guessed more. Circumstances drove me strangely; yet I do not like to remain there with him in the dead of night exchanging confidences.

"I will be franker with you," I said, as the result of my pondering, "but not here—there are reasons against it; and, if this determination costs me your friendship, I shall still keep to it. But you will not withdraw it—you will be my friend still, and find out my mother for me? You are so quick, I'm sure you can trace her."

I laid my hand entreatingly upon his arm, and looked up into his face.

"You shall do what you like with me—I am all yours," he said in a low, deep tone, with a warmth of manner which promised everything.

"And you need not be afraid I'm not unhappy enough," I persisted, with a sad smile. "If I trust you, it will be entirely. What—do you hear any one?"

He had started violently. In my fear I drew close to his side; and I think my fear infected him too, for the arm he drew around me trembled.

"Let him come!" he said, the strange reckless fellow, with a low laugh. "No, it was nothing."

I drew breath again freely, released myself, and went towards the door. He followed.

"Only give me your word, with your own sweet, steadfast look, that you will not again attempt a flight by night," he entreated, barring my exit, "and then I'll follow your instructions, for I have not destroyed your letter."

"Well, I promise."

"I'll find a way of seeing you soon. Say good night. What a cool hand you have! Do your pulses ever quicken? If I—— No, we are real friends now, and you are going to tell me everything. Stop, Mrs. Fernley; as you will go back, I must warn you that it was the clack of your little shoes which roused me to-night, bless them! You are only a novice in deceit, or you would certainly have carried them in your hand. Let me take them off, or you may be caught again; and a walking-dress at this hour requires a clever apologist to defend it. Why should I not take off your shoes? Your shoemaker does it; consider me one, if you please."

He went down upon his knees, and gently drew them off.

"You were once furious because I kissed your hand," he said, looking up with a wistful smile; but you cannot quarrel with me if I seal our friendship as if I were a Catholic and the Pope owned this little silk clad foot."

"My shoemaker does not do that!" I cried hastily and rather too loudly, as he brushed my foot with his lips; and I went away rather vexed with him.

"What a pity," I thought when—the peril of getting back safely over—I was again in my room, "that such a nice fellow as Eustace Towerscourt should think it necessary to keep up a character for idle gallantry! It quite spoils him."

Further reflections upon the subject were stopped by the sound of a stealthy step outside. I held my breath, then flew across the room and caught at the handle of the door, for some one softly tried it. It was locked, as I afterwards recollected. But what a fright that was! Good Heavens, if that was Lady Fernley, and she had entered and discovered me in my strange dress!

* * * * * *

In those days I put far from me all sinister rumors concerning my mother. I remembered only that I knew no single fact against her, save that she had been separated from my father; and I had now come to the knowledge that something might come between husband and wife, and yet she might not be all to blame. Suppose an outsider were to get Denis's opinion of his wife at such a time, how would she appear?

We went on living together—Denis, Lady Fernley, and I; but it was as if a wall of granite stood between us. Lady Fernley went about majestically gloomy. She must have felt that she had not increased her son's happiness by her interference, yet she persevered in it; and it was degradingly plain that Denis and she watched me incessantly—he in the fear, she in the conviction that she had found something blameworthy in my conduct.

The loss of Eustace Towerscourt was greatly felt in our small party; he took with him nearly all the brightness of our lives. While he was present, he had been a little trivial, subject to the silly jealousies many young men indulge in; but now that he had gone I for one sadly missed the sparkle of his gay spirits, his amusing petulance, his warm sympathy, and this beyond my intense desire to see him again for other reasons.

It was weary work being quite alone. I longed for my faithful Jessa. She had been a little troublesome while she raved about my injuries, but what was that in comparison with her devotion? I trembled to think, if I felt the separation, what it must be to her, to whom I was almost an idol, at whose feet she would lie for hours, satisfied only to be near me; anxiety would almost kill her.

That anxiety came suddenly to an end; she returned as unexpectedly as she had disappeared. We were crossing the hall to go to dinner one evening, when a limping, haggard creature presented herself and rushed up to me. I could only stammer out her name, nearly weeping to see in the travel-stained, woe-begone figure my old nurse. She clung to me convulsively, pouring out incoherencies, and menacing with her hand Denis and his mother when they approached. We had another dispute concerning her; but now, utterly reckless as I was of consequences, I gained the day, and Jessa was left unmolested. She would not even look at either my husband or mother-in-law, but spat upon the ground if she saw their shadows pass over it. I kept her strictly to myself; and I think even Denis was touched when he saw the condition she was reduced to.

She told me the *padrone* had sent her in a wrong direction on the day I was missing from home, and how she got back to me, she did not say. Grief, separation, and gnawing anxiety had worn her to a skeleton; sometimes she looked no longer sane, as she sat for hours brooding with knit brows, and could not be roused to eat, sleep, or talk. Once, to my surprise, she asked if the *padrone* still wept over the little picture; and when, finding she meant the miniature of Mary Neville, I told her it was broken to pieces, she laughed grimly, and said, "That was Jessa."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"JIM."

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

Who he was, or whence he came, perhaps none in the little mining village knew. In any case it was certain none seemed to care, till this happened. The social amenities did not receive any excessive attention there, and as he always promptly responded to "Jim," when his company was required at the bar or the card-table, the omission of his family name created neither comment nor confusion.

Only the older residents however, remembered his first appearance. And often when more immediate subjects of converse gave out, they would talk of it. It had been a long time, they used to say, before a certain refinement of manner and expression he could not disguise, yielded to anything like the natural swagger and coarse speech of those about him. Even afterwards, it was added, when drunk and maudlin, he still showed signs that in coming to those rough-featured and rough souled men, he had drifted from a natural level of place and education far above them.

There were few stories told in the camp of which he was not the central figure. Never had a "row" occurred in which the bullet, knife, whisky bottle, club, or nature's weapons, had played their parts, that he was not the sun about which the minor planets of the melee revolved. Some of his finished work lay in the improvised graveyard on the hillside, and much, yet imperfect, hating and fearing him, wandered around with scarred faces or maimed limbs, confronted him over the devil's looks, in "poker" and "seven-up."

But desperate as his deeds proved him his comrades liked him. He never provoked a quarrel—he always played a square game. In the maddest fury of intoxication there was a subtle something that kept him from giving offence. It was only when other as bold in act and worse in purpose, tried to cheat him or give him the lie, that his grey eyes grew crazy with lurid light and a pistol-ball or dirk blade returned his answer to the compliment.

Some of the miners who had noticed that when one of the men fell sick—even though a bitter enemy—Jim was ever first to offer assistance—used to whisper among themselves that he was half mad—that some unnatural sorrow must have turned his brain.

And this might have been the truth.

But his turn had come at last. An old time, treacherous foe awaited his opportunity and shot him one night in the tavern. Yet though the ball passed through the lower part of his head, he brained his murderer with the bottle at his elbow and lived till morning. Towards the end he became delirious and called his mother and mentioned women's names. The low narrow room was filled with crime hardened men, and the sounds struck their ears strangely. But whatever they called up in many a sin-seared memory scarce one but felt Jim's death made him better, if his life had not.

They buried him beside those he had himself sent to their long account, and over the little mound placed a head-board painted with the word "Jim" and the date of his burial. A strange mark of affection this; for though many lay at peace in the uncouth cemetery, it was the only one.

Then it was that each had some good to tell of him. Of some private kindness or help offered and performed that he had required they should keep to themselves. It may have been that love and gratitude magnified the debt, but if the truth at all approached the showing, he had certainly something noble and good to offset his crimes in the great Book of Life.

In time his memory became a tradition in the camp, and the better traits of his character, so much discussed, grew to be the standard of emulation, and the old boys in their convivial moments would tell with dewy eyes of Jim, and of the manhood—blurred with vices though it was—that never failed him.

It was in these scenes, perhaps, that the tale which passed for his history gradually arose. Likely enough it was mere fiction; an attempt to give form and substance to the many speculations concerning him—but there were few who did not accept it as the truth.

Several of the earlier settlers so far corroborated it that they well remembered the day when with twenty thousand dollars in gold in his possession, he determined to go East. There was not a man in the camp on the occasion, they remarked, that did not drink himself "blind" at Jim's expense, and was only prevented from wishing him good luck on his journey by being under the table or strewed promiscuously round the village—a blighted commentary on a too liberal hospitality.

They also stated that about three months subsequent to his departure he again appeared among them, penniless, and very much changed in demeanor. Formerly he seemed anxious to save, rarely drank, and never entered into the coarser pastimes of the camp, but now the natural outlets of his daily toil were always the gaming table and the orgies of the bar.

Thus by slow accretions, so much of the tale was built up. Then others asserted—though how or where they learned it was never known—that he had sought the Land of Gold through disappointed affection. A man well born and self educated, but poor, he had for the reason of his poverty been rejected by the woman that he loved. Stung to desperation, with a bleeding heart he rushed to the Pacific coast, and there by working late and early, and living as only a man with his hope could live, had striven to repair Fortune's ills.

His labor was blessed by fruitful returns and ere two years had passed he had gained much—honorably and honestly.

Then occurred his departure, according to the chroniclers, with its attendant incident of the most general, lengthy and profuse carouse known in the recollections of the camp.

But it was also said that on his arrival home he had found his soul's idol wedded to another. While she had loved Jim even in his poverty, her refusal of him had been in obedience to her parents' commands, and her marriage of the later suitor due to the same cause. This man was reputed wealthy, was a worthy gentleman; she had heard nothing of her old lover for a double twelvemonth, and so, though with many misgivings of the heart, accepted her people's choice.

Misfortune, however, came upon them. The commercial crash of '57 struck the country, and many not-too-well supported firms tottered. Among them was that of the mate of Jim's whilom sweetheart.

When he heard of it—for it happened shortly before he reached his native town—he sought an interview with the husband and wife. What might have passed the story never told, but the end was that Jim in the grandeur of his love for the girl that should have been his own—offered them—nay forced them to take the wealth for which he had worked so long and endured so much.

It aided his successful rival over his difficulties, but when the latter tried to find the man who had saved him, to return his thanks and his gift he was gone—none knew whither.

For it had happened then that Jim, maddened by his miseries, again sought the west. In the rude life of the miner, in drink, at the card table and in daily contact with death in its worst forms, he struggled to allay the inward gnawings that made his life a curse, until at length the bullet of the assassin sent him peace.

So ran the story, and whatever its truth few questioned it in the least. But when years after the village received a shock like that of lightning, in the advent of some strangers—a lady and gentleman from the east—who had inquired for an old digger that had known him well, and who were afterwards seen in tears—the woman kneeling—at Jim's grave on the mountain side, every vestige of doubt faded, and his alleged history became one of the gospels of the camp.

Divorce existed in all ages at Rome, and was always a private act. For a long time it was not abused by the Romans, but toward the latter part of the Republic and under the Empire, divorces became very common. Seneca notices this laxity of manners; Juvenal gives a remarkable instance of a Roman matron, who is said to have gone the round of eight husbands in five years. Pompey divorced his wife Mucia. Cicero speaks of Paula Valeria as being ready to serve her husband with notice of divorce, on his return from the province. Cicero himself divorced his wife Terentia, after living with her thirty years. The husband generally took the keys from his wife, put her out of his house, gave her back her dowry and so dissolved the marriage. This might be done in the wife's absence. Cicero divorced his wife Terentia by letter.

HOTEL CUSTOMS IN SWEDEN.—On arriving at the inn, which is good and clean, and makes up some forty beds, one is struck with the peculiarity of all similar places in Sweden—namely, the apparent indifference to visitors exhibited by the proprietor. No head waiter, with attendant circle of porters and chambermaids, awaits the arrival of the guest. The luggage is put down at the entrance, and the traveller must seek for himself his rooms and the information he requires, while the landlord, with his hands in his pockets, regards his efforts from a window with languid curiosity. There is no intentional incivility, but it appears not to be the custom to welcome the coming guest.

HOPS.—Hops are first mentioned by Pliny, the young plant being eaten as a vegetable, like our asparagus. But until the sixteenth century they were not used as an ingredient in beer; and, when their cultivation was first introduced from Flanders, into England, in 1525, an outcry was raised and Parliament was petitioned against a "wicked weed that would spoil the taste of the drink and endanger the people." But the piquant bitter found favor with the people, who relished this addition to the previously unmitigated sweetness. And so the hop was promoted from the hedge row to the garden, and ever since labor and money have been constantly spent upon it.

A DIVIDED PARISH.—One of the early Kings of England, once travelling in disguise, came to the parish of Malpas towards evening, and it being too late to proceed on his journey, he asked the vicar and curate to come and spend the evening with him. When the reckoning came to be settled, the curate proposed that they should pay the stranger's share between them. The vicar would not consent to this, but said, "No higgledy piggledy; let each pay for himself." The story further adds that the King was so pleased with the curate's liberality that he caused the living to be equally divided between him and the incumbent, and it remains so to this day.

HOW PRAIRIE DOGS GET WATER.—It has always been a subject of curiosity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairie far away from any river or stream, obtain their water. It is now asserted that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. It matters not how far down the water may be, the dogs will keep on digging till they reach it. One such well has been found that was 300 feet deep, and having a circular staircase leading down to the water.

A Life Sketch.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

It is sometimes well enough for us to examine into what fate has done for others, and thereby endeavor to cheer our own souls by reflecting on what the same fate may do for us.

Now there was Nahum, he loved Betsey Jane. Nahum was poor, and had no expectations. Betsey Jane's father was well-to-do. Betsey Jane thought on what folks would say, and on what her own parents would say, and, holding her own head high, she walked right over Nahum's affections. Nahum broke his heart, or thought he did, which amounts to about the same, and he packed his traps and went West to mend his heart, and there he mended both that and his fortune.

Betsey Jane married a rich old miser who lived in a neighboring city, and who vowed he adored her, and her alone, and that she was the first, the sweetest, the only love of his life.

The wedding passed off well enough; clouds marred the honeymoon, and before the first year of married life was ended, Betsey Jane had pretty well made up her mind that her lot was not one to be envied.

Well, one day she was looking over some of the miser's "hoarded treasures," when she came across an old chest, and, as the story goes, "in the chest there was a till," and in the till there were two packages of old letters tied with faded ribbon; they were love letters; the secret was out; the miser had had a first love, one dearer far to him than one like Betsey Jane could ever be.

Betsey Jane was nearly frantic with grief and sorrow, and when she heard that Nahum was worth half a million, that he had wedded the fairest lady in the land, and that he had a most comfortable seat in the Senate, Oh! wasn't she ready to say, woman like, forgetting her own sorrows, "How fortunate! now if I had married Nahum, as he wished me to, we should both have settled right down near home, and neither of us would ever have amounted to anything."

A SCHOOL of technical education is to be established in Bradford, England, at a cost of $500,000. Much attention has been aroused by the success of similar institutions in France, and the success of a practical scientific education for those who are engaged in industries, whether masters or men, for it is acknowledged that the practical experience of the workshop cannot be safely dispensed with, and the time must come when one must add this experience to the text book teachings of the school, and teach the application as well as the rule. In this country where so much is central in manufacturing interests, a school of this character would be of great benefit to the masses, and it offers a meritorious field of action for some of our rich citizens.

FACETIÆ

"High life"—Up in a balloon.

"Spring Opening"—The door of a set rat trap.

That the worm will turn is being now found out by a good many in eating chestnuts. It generally turns them against eating any more.

It often embarrasses those people who affect literary tastes to have the month-old magazines scattered around the parlor, and then have to explain how it is the leaves happen to be uncut.

Hard times are approaching. It is awful hard when your feet go from under you without the least warning and the icy pavement comes up to meet your anatomy at the rate of ten miles a minute.

Stanley, comparatively easy, found out the source of the Congo; but he meets as many bruises and obstacles in searching for his own stair door in the dark as other men.

Many a woman has got damages in a court on breach of promise suits, but they were nothing to what her damages might have been if she were unfortunate enough to have married the man.

There may be no special training in the matter, but it is always astonishing to see with what accuracy a woman can hit the dividing line between her own and the next door neighbor's when sweeping off the pavement.

Now is the time to collect autumn leaves, and young ladies should know, even if they don't get all they want in the way of variegated foliage, they will more than get a sufficiency of rheumatism and influenza in searching for them.

Moralists tell us that in this lower world we are never satisfied. This, however, is only partly true. Give a girl a nice diamond ring or India shawl and her wildest dreams of mundane happiness are more than realized.

There are times in the night of man's sorrow when woman's affection throws a reflected light of Heaven over his life, but it is doubtful if it ever becomes more demonstrative and enthusiastic than when she is fooling around him to get the money for an extra new dress or bonnet.

The old proverb of "early to bed," etc., should be now brought by the interested parties to the attention of the old folks who persist in sitting up in the parlor with them on Sunday nights until anything like Christian toleration or patience is out of the question.

Edison has invented a machine that enables one to see a person a hundred miles away. This will not, however, lessen the business of the individual at the theatre, who has to go out between every act merely to see a man round the next corner.

There is this in the present weather: If a man coming home at midnight, from indisposition, forgetfulness, inability to find the key hole, or other cause, determines to sleep on the steps all night, there will be a terrible clutching round for the missing blankets before morning.

Childhood is a sweet and holy season, but it is full of anomalies. A boy will feel more hatred rise in his heart for the companion who has just bought some molasses candy and refuses to give him any, than he does in later life for the man who successfully tries to get on the police force at the same time with him, while he is rejected.

Dogs, more so perhaps than any other animals, are capable of the strongest attachments. In this respect it is not too much to say their emotional nature is almost human. Hardly a day passes that we do not see instances of these strong ties, particularly in the suburbs, where they usually consist of an old tin pan welded through the agency of a piece of twine to the canine's tail.

Man for a long time considered that the peculiar shape of his garments protected him from the assault of the fashionable of the fair sex—a sort of flag of defiance as it were. The point of the well-known remark, "Pull down your vest," is now seen, however, as the women have seized on that article as part of their own gear for the coming season.

A good deal depends upon the way of doing a thing. Nothing is pleasanter than to see a wife cut a delicious pumpkin pie with her own fair hands, and lovingly deposit the biggest chunk on her husband's plate; but it's very disagreeable for the same woman to slap the whole pan of it over him, because he simply remarks he wished he knew somebody that could shorten crust like his mother used to do.

WHEN MIND AND BODY are out of sorts, with cold extremities, a yellowness in the skin, costiveness, dull headache, and an indisposition to stir about, be sure you are in for a Bilious Attack, springing from a more or less Disordered Liver. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills will bring the Liver to a healthy condition, and speedily remove all biliary distress.

THE FINAL CONQUEST.

BY H. H.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
[redacted] Scepire and crown
[redacted] Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds;
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

ALL HALLOW EVE.

BY E. C. F.

I was only a girl about fifteen when the incident I am about to relate occurred, though some twenty Octobers have since passed over my head. I was a school girl then, and an inmate of Hazlewood Lodge, the Misses Trevelyan's "Establishment for Young Ladies."

Miss Trevelyan, and her sister, Miss Harriet Trevelyan, were two prim and dignified specimens of "old maids," and we girls all loved and respected them. If you could have taken a peep at the lawn at the back of Hazlewood Lodge one fine autumnal afternoon, when the inmates were assembled there for their half-holiday's recreation, you would have seen three young ladies holding what appeared to be a very exciting discussion: the tallest, Margaret Stanley, a fair, refined-looking girl, a young lady, with very dishevelled brown curls and bright eyes, named Kitty Graham, and I, Grace Summers.

At this time our heads were full of an awful "conspiracy." October was now rapidly drawing to a close, and in a few days "All Hallow Eve" would see it die. We had often read and heard of the old superstitions that attach to this last night of the month, and this year we had determined on a deed of unwonted daring, which was nothing less than to perform, ourselves, certain "spells," wherewith to invoke the apparitions of our "future husbands!"

We were still deep in our discussion of "ways and means" when we were interrupted by a voice beside us exclaiming, "What mischief are you three concocting? Are you going to blow up the house with gunpowder? I am sure it is something wicked, for you all look so mysterious."

The speaker, who had come suddenly upon us, was a tall, graceful girl. Her name was Eleanor Gordon, and had been amongst us for nearly six months. She was said to be heiress to a very large fortune, and though almost of age, it was her parent's wish that she should continue to reside with the Misses Trevelyan for another year. The reasons for this rather unusual conduct on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were generally known to the young ladies of Hazlewood Lodge, amongst whom Eleanor Gordon formed a very constant subject for gossip and conjecture.

It appeared that about a year previously, while visiting some friends in France, she had become acquainted with a certain Count de Verny, a dissipated young nobleman, who professed to be desperately smitten with her charms. Whether his affection were real or mercenary, Mr. Gordon no sooner heard of it than he peremptorily forbade Eleanor to encourage his attentions in the slightest degree. Whether Eleanor really loved him, or was merely dazzled by his rank and title, I cannot tell, but she decidedly refused to obey her father's injunctions to give him up. In despair, Mr. Gordon sent his refractory daughter to the seclusion of Hazlewood Lodge, in hopes that under the Misses Trevelyan's strict surveillance and judicious care she might be kept out of mischief, and brought to a right sense of her duty.

Ere we answered her the tea-bell sounded, and entering the dining-room we soon forgot all about her and her interruption.

The next two days passed much as usual, though Margaret, Kitty and I were in an intense state of excitement all the time. At last the long-expected evening arrived.

At nine o'clock, prayers being over, our "good-nights" to the Misses Trevelyan were said, and we all dispersed to our various rooms.

Margaret and I shared the same room, while Kitty slept on another floor; but as twelve o'clock approached, and all the inmates of Hazlewood Lodge were wrapt in balmy slumbers, we met, as we had arranged, at the top of the staircase leading to the play-room, where we purposed to hold our midnight saturnalia.

We soon reached the foot of the stairs, and traversed the long stone hall, where our footsteps awoke the most hollow, mysterious echoes; the dark corridors were passed, and we entered the play-room and lit our solitary candle. Its faint, flickering beams cast only a narrow circle of light, which seemed to make the intense darkness beyond all the more palpable. Certainly anything more dismal and wretched could scarcely be pictured.

"Oh, Margaret!" I murmured, as I clung desperately to her, "I wish we had never come; it is so dreadful here! I wish we were all quietly in bed!"

"Don't be a goose, Grace," responded Kitty, "we can't go back now, and the sooner we get the spells over, the sooner we can begin the cakes and good things, and make ourselves jolly."

"But suppose we really do see something?" I faltered.

"Well, Grace, and haven't we come prepared to see 'something,' as you call it?" laughed Kitty. "Now you and Margaret," she continued, "must go out into the hall and shut the door between us, for the spell would never succeed if it were not performed in perfect solitude, and when I have eaten all my apple, and thoroughly admired my future's handsome countenance, I will come to you, and you and Margaret shall have your turns."

I by no means relished the idea of standing out in the cold, dark hall, while Kitty went through her spells and invocations; however, it must be done; so we summoned up as much courage as we could, and, wishing Kitty success and good luck in her fate, we carefully shut the door, and stationed ourselves outside.

Five minutes passed slowly on, and at last the door opened and Kitty appeared, very grave and pale, and beckoned to us to come. Margaret and I both exclaimed, in one breath, "Did you see anything?—what was it like?" but, drawing a very serious face, Kitty reminded us that part of our compact had been not to divulge to each other until the next day what success our spells met with, and warned us that we had better settle quickly who should have the next turn.

I was a sad coward, and instinctively drew back, so Margaret quietly offered to try her luck next, and Kitty and I adjourned outside the door. I did not feel quite so safe with her as with Margaret, for Kitty was a terrible tease, and I thought it not at all unlikely that she might take it into her head to frighten me with some trick. Suddenly the profound stillness was broken by a low, horrible moan, followed by a rapid footstep passing close beside me.

Regardless of all consequences, and in a perfect frenzy of fear, Kitty and I dashed open the play-room door, banging it loudly after us, and rushed into Margaret's arms. She was standing near the doorway, white with terror, and was on the point of coming to us, when she herself heard the terrible and mysterious sounds that had so alarmed us. For five minutes we stood clinging to each other, our eyes fixed on the door, and expecting every instant to see it open, and some horrible, ghostly visitant from another world enter. Then the groans ceased, and, after a few minutes' perfect stillness, we heard a cautious footstep shuffling along the stone floor of the hall, and gradually becoming fainter and fainter in the distance, till it was entirely lost to our hearing.

Then, and only then, did we dare to look at each other and speak. What were we to do? Suppose, as was only too probable, that this horrible something was lying in wait in some dark corner, ready to pounce upon us directly we issued from our stronghold! As long as we remained in the play-room we felt we were comparatively safe; and at length we determined to lock the door, and make ourselves as comfortable as we could there for the night. It took some time to calm me; but Margaret's gentle persuasions at last quieted my fears, and I helped her to spread one of our dressing-gowns in a corner, where we purposed making our couch till the morning. Suddenly Kitty reminded us that the window was quite a low one, and easily accessible from the garden to any "ghosts," robbers or escaped maniacs who might be lurking about. There were no shutters to it, only a white blind, which I proceeded to draw down, while Kitty secured the fastening; suddenly, as she was peering out into the darkness, with her face pressed close against the glass, she exclaimed, "Look, Margaret! Grace! there it is!—the ghost!" and as we all bent eagerly forward we distinctly saw a tall, white figure glide rapidly but silently across the lawn, until it was lost, or seemed to disappear, in the thick darkness of the trees.

Breathlessly we watched it, and waited, with straining eyes, to see it emerge again from the shadows; but five—ten minutes passed, and nothing came; then we hastily drew down the blind, and, with an indescribable feeling of awe and terror weighing upon us, crouched together in a corner of the room, and waited with longing impatience for the morning.

At last, after the longest night I ever spent, morning came; the chill, gray twilight deepened into day; we heard the servants come down stairs into the kitchen, and then, "slowly and sadly," we crept up stairs, and back to our several beds, where we had scarcely rested our weary limbs for half an hour before the bell sounded for us to get up.

We certainly presented a very dismal appearance at prayers that morning; three paler or more woe begone countenances could scarcely be imagined. All breakfast time our guilty consciences made us imagine that Miss Trevelyan must see something supicious about us, and when she once kindly asked Kitty if she felt quite well, as she was looking rather pale, I felt sure that she must read our whole secret in Kitty's confused and hesitating answer. However, nothing was said, and breakfast just over, when Miss Trevelyan suddenly remarked, "Where is Miss Gordon, this morning? Is she not well that she does not appear at breakfast?"

No one answered; but looking towards Eleanor's chair, I noticed now for the first time that it was empty. As she occupied a room to herself, we were none of us likely to know whether she was indisposed or not. Turning to Miss Trevelyan, I offered to go and look for her; but with a quiet "Thank you, my dear, I will go myself, as she may not be well," she rose and left the room. In a few minutes she returned, and ordered one of the governesses to take us out for a walk, as the morning was fine.

The morning passed with its usual routine of lessons, and I forgot all about Eleanor Gordon. In the evening I heard some of the girls talking eagerly together about her. There was some mystery, they were sure, for she had not appeared all day, and when any one had proposed going to her room to see how she was, the offer had invariably been peremptorily declined by Miss Trevelyan.

The next day passed wearily on. I felt miserable and depressed, for I thought our ghost experiences had something to do with Eleanor, and Margaret and Kitty shared my feelings. Whenever we met Miss Trevelyan or her sister, we noticed that they looked unusually stern and grave, so that we sometimes fancied they must have discovered all.

Evening came at last, and, after prayers, when the other girls had all said good-night, and left the room, Kitty, Margaret and I stayed behind, and boldly made our confession to Miss Trevelyan. She heard us quietly through, as we enlarged on the awful groans we had heard, and drew a vivid picture of the "sheeted ghostly form" gliding across the lawn. She smiled quietly, as we ended, and said, "You are three very silly girls, and certainly deserve to be well punished for running such a risk of catching cold; but I think the fright you have had will be sufficient punishment this time, and teach you not to believe in such foolish things as 'spells' again."

Beckoning to us to follow her, she led the way into the library, a comfortable room, where she and her sister usually sat in the evenings. The younger Miss Trevelyan was there now, reading, and looked inquiringly up as we entered. Her sister went up to her, and, stooping down, said something in a low tone; for a few minutes they spoke together, then Miss Trevelyan turned to us.

"You will all know," she said, "sooner or later, that a very unpleasant event has occurred here; I trust to you three especially, Margaret, Kate and Grace, to prevent, as far as possible, your schoolfellows, when they hear it, from talking or gossiping about it: Eleanor Gordon has eloped from Hazlewood Lodge!"

"Eloped!" we all exclaimed, and gazed wonderingly at Miss Trevelyan.

"Yes, eloped," she retorted; "with the Count de Verny. They have since been married in London. But you wonder, my dears, what that misguided girl's folly has to do with all you have been telling me. Read that, Grace," she said, as she handed me a letter in Eleanor's writing; "it only arrived a few hours since; it will, I think, clear up your mystery."

I mechanically opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"My Dear Grace,—I hope you, Margaret and Kitty were all rewarded by seeing very handsome representations of your 'future husbands' on a certain night, when you very much embarrassed the count and myself by your untimely appearance in the 'lower regions,' just as we were preparing to say good-bye to Hazlewood Lodge. The count says he hopes you will forgive him for frightening you all so much; but we had to cross the hall to get into the garden; and you were so provokingly in the way! Our united 'groans' and 'scratchings' succeeded better than we expected in driving you into the play-room, where I sincerely hope you did not spend a very uncomfortable night. From your affectionate friend, "Eleanor."

This, then, was the solution to our mysterious adventure, and our doubts as to the rival claims of 'robbers' or 'ghosts' were for ever set at rest. There is nothing more to add, except that Margaret, Kitty and I never tried any more spells, and never placed the slightest faith in any ghost stories. As for the Countess de Verny, I have never seen her since. She and her husband, rumor says, do not lead the happiest of lives.

The long lapse of time has brought many changes to all. Light-hearted, mischievous Kitty Graham has sobered down into the most staid and discreet of matrons; gentle Margaret Stanley's life is full of the stirring hopes and cares attendant on the wife of one of our leading statesmen. Enough of happiness has been mine to keep my heart still young and green, and to make me regard with leniency the faults and follies of youth.

MATTIE.S GLOVES.

BY EMMA RHODES.

Poor little Mattie! What a dusty, pretty little Cinderella she looked, as she sat toiling at her work one June afternoon! Her hair was pushed back from her low brow, and fell in great, golden tangles round her small, pale face, while the pretty blue eyes looked so dim and weary: and still the little hands went stitch, stitch, and plied their work so deftly and neatly all through the glorious, golden Summer day.

It was a charming ball dress that Mattie had just been trimming, full of elaborate puffings and flounces, and covered with a shower of pink rosebuds, just the very thing, you would have thought, for a young girl like Mattie; but she, poor child, had never possessed anything half so gorgeous in all her life, and, judging from her present circumstances, was not likely to do so.

Mattie's was not a happy life, without a single care or trouble, like that of many young girls; and if she did look sorrowful sometimes, it was no wonder, for ever since her mother died, when she was only a baby of six, Mattie had known very little love or kindness. Mr. Gresham, her father, had married again, but died a few months after his second marriage, entreating, with almost his last breath, his wife's care and protection for his only child.

But Mrs. Gresham was scarcely the woman, had her husband known her better and longer, to whom he would have confided such a charge.

She had not a thought for anything in the world but dress and amusement; and her two daughters by her first husband, Major Vernon, were apt pupils of their mother.

The eldest, Rosalind, was thin, ugly, and sour-tempered; while Helena, her sister, inherited much of her mother's beauty, with the same worldly, narrow mind.

"Is my dress finished?" exclaimed sharp-voiced and sharper-featured Miss Rosalind, as she entered Mattie's little room. "Why have you been so long?"

And snatching it up without a word of thanks, she turned away, only adding as she descended the stairs:

"Helena is waiting for you to dress her hair."

Mattie silently followed, and entered the elegant apartment appropriated to the Misses Vernon, where Helena, the pet and beauty of the family, was reclining on an easy chair before the mirror, and lazily brushing her long dark locks.

With unvarying sweetness Mattie tried her utmost to please Helena, never heeding the little bitter speeches the spoilt beauty every now and then indulged in. At last the finishing touches were given, and satisfied with her inspection, and in high good-humor, Helena actually thanked Mattie quite graciously.

"And now you had better go and dress yourself, Mattie," she said; "and, for goodness' sake, wash that dirty lace. You know you are to go with us to-night to the Mornlngtons' ball."

"Am I really to go?" asked Mattie with astonishment. "But my dress," she faltered, "and I have only a pair of brown gloves."

"Oh, your old white muslin will do very well. No one will look at you; and you can have these gloves of mine," said Helena, tossing her a soiled pair of white ones. "I have only worn them once," she added, pushing Mattie out of the room, and telling her to make haste.

Shortly after she appeared and they took the waiting carriage.

It was rather a long drive to Fulham, where the Morniagtons lived, but in good time they arrived there.

It was Mattie's first introduction to such a scene, for hitherto she had only, and at rare intervals, been permitted to go to a "small dance," or a children's "tea party."

She thought she should never be tired of admiring the splendid rooms, the delicious flowers, and the elegant dresses of the ladies; she was lost in contemplation of all these various enchantments, when she turned round to see a tall, handsome gentleman, standing in front of her and talking to Mrs. Gresham and Helena, who both seemed to be putting on their sweetest smiles and most gracious manners for his benefit.

Rosalind Vernon was known to possess a good fortune; so, in spite of her ugliness, she managed to get some partners, while Helena's hand was claimed for every dance by at least a dozen devoted swains; so that no one thought of or noticed poor little Mattie, who sat quite still in her obscure corner, half-hidden by Mrs. Gresham's feathers and laces.

At last she began to get so fidgety that she felt it was impossible to sit still any longer.

She cast longing glances at a conservatory behind her, and thought how nice it would be to take a stroll there.

Mrs. Gresham would never miss her, and no one was likely to see her. So very quietly Mattie glided into the conservatory.

The whole air was heavy with perfume; and as the soft, subdued light fell on her gleaming hair and white dress, you might easily have mistaken Mattie for some fairy or "spirit of the flowers."

Some one, who was standing not far off in the shadow of a tall orange tree, thought he had seldom seen a prettier sight.

"You are fond of flowers; let me gather you some," said a kind voice behind her; and Mattie started up from her dreamland to find the same handsome gentleman whom she had seen talking with Helena, looking down at her with an expression of mingled kindness and amusement.

Mattie blushed almost as scarlet as the cactus she had been admiring, and felt so dreadfully confused at being spoken to, that she could not think of any answer to make.

At last she ventured timidly to remark that perhaps Mrs. Mornington would not like so many of her flowers picked.

"Oh, my mother never troubles herself about the conservatory,—it is my sole and especial department," replied the stranger, looking down with a reassuring smile at Mattie's perplexed face.

"Then you are Mr. Mornington!" she said, opening her blue eyes very wide, for she had heard Mrs. Gresham and her daughters talk a great deal of Arthur Mornington, who was so handsome—and so rich!

"Yes," said he; "and now that you know who I am, will you not tell me your name?"

"Mattie Gresham," she answered, quietly.

"Gresham—Gresham!" he repeated. "Why, surely you are not Mrs. Gresham's little step-daughter?"

"Yes, I am," said Mattie, blushing as if it were something to be ashamed of.

Meanwhile, in the ball-room, Helena Vernon stood beside Mrs. Gresham, twisting her fan and pouting her red lips.

"What can have become of him, mamma? He engaged me for this dance, and now it is just over! I think it very rude of Arthur Mornington," she said, tossing her handsome head with an indignant air.

As Helena did this she suddenly caught the gleam of a white dress in the conservatory, and then Mattie's golden head appeared behind the trees, and bending over her, in earnest conversation, stood Helena's truant partner, Arthur Mornington.

"Look, mamma, in there!" she said, pointing to the conservatory.

Rage prevented her saying more, and no sooner did Mrs. Gresham catch sight of Mattie, than she too, crimson with rage, rose up and sailed majestically into the conservatory, intending, as she said to Helena, to "to send that impertinent, designing little minx home directly."

But as soon as Arthur Mornington caught sight of her, he advanced eagerly towards her.

"You have just arrived in time, Mrs. Gresham, to present me formally to your step-daughter, who declares she must not dance with me without a proper introduction."

"Mattie can of course dance with such an old friend of mine as you are, Mr. Mornington," she replied, though somewhat stiffly; "that is, if you wish it. But really, she is only a little girl, and ought scarcely to have come to-night; and I think we had better be thinking of going, —and——"

But Arthur interrupted the lady's voluble excuses, and pleaded so earnestly for "just one dance," that she could not, for very shame, refuse.

So she accorded her permission for one dance as graciously as she could, and drawing her arm within his, Arthur led Mattie into the ball-room, where the band had just begun a waltz.

After it was over, Arthur led Mattie again into the dimly-lighted conservatory, where they stood by the side of a cool fountain, and talked and laughed more merrily than Mattie had ever laughed since she was a little child.

"How deliciously cool this water looks!" she said, as she stepped over the edge of the marble basin; then she thought how nice it would be to dip her hands into it, "those horrid gloves did make them so hot." And she pulled off the great clumsy things, and bathed her little, dimpled fingers in the refreshing water.

Arthur Mornington thought he had never seen anything so exquisitely beautiful as this simple, unconscious girl.

In her perfect innocence and simplicity she fascinated him far more than the loveliest woman he had ever met. But his dream was quickly broken, and Mattie's pleasure, for that night, at least, was over. Mrs. Gresham, more overpoweringly majestic than ever, stalked up to them, and told Mattie that the carriage was waiting, and Rosalind and Helena were already in it. Then Arthur, seeing it was useless to intercede for a longer stay, offered his arm to the irate matron, and with Mattie on the other side, led them down stairs, and saw them into the carriage.

After seeing the carriage drive off, Arthur returned to the ball-room, which had now lost the only attraction it had ever possessed for him. He sauntered into the conservatory, and back to the very spot where a moment ago Mattie had stood; as he approached it, he caught sight of a glove lying on the marble edge of the fountain. He took it up eagerly: it was hers, he knew, for he remembered seeing her place it there; besides, he had noticed it at the time as being far too wide for her tiny hand. Now it was, in spite of its ugliness, invested with a peculiar charm in his eyes, and he handled it very tenderly, as some precious relic, when suddenly he felt something hard in one of the fingers, and turning it back, he discovered a small torquoise ring

The next morning Mattie sat, as usual, in the back dining-room, stitching away at some trills and flounces for Helena, and, in spite of the coldness and "snubbing" she received when either Mrs. Gresham or her daughters entered the room, she felt wonderfully happy, and hummed little, low snatches of songs to herself, and thought over all the marvellous events of the last evening. She was just trying to remember something Arthur had told her, when Rosalind Vernon put her head in at the door, and, in her sharpest voice, exclaimed, "Come up stairs, Mattie; you are wanted."

As she vouchsafed no further explanation, Mattie silently followed her, expecting it was only to receive a scolding from Mrs. Gresham for some misdemeanor; but as she entered the drawing-room, who should come forward to shake hands with her but Arthur Mornington himself, looking so kind and smiling, and then turning to a sweet old lady who sat beside him, he said, "This is Miss Gresham, mother."

The old lady, whom Mattie thought like some picture, with her snowy curls and kind, wrinkled face, looked scrutinizingly at her for a moment, with her keen, bright eyes, and then drew the blushing girl towards her, and kissed her affectionately.

"You and I must become better acquainted, child; for your mother, Mattie Lewis, was my dearest friend before she married, and your name Mattie, too?" she said, passing her soft, white hands caressingly over Mattie's golden curls.

Then Arthur bethought him of the turquoise ring he had found, and utterly unheeding some questions of Helena's, he turned to Mattie.

"I think you lost a possession of yours last night, Miss Gresham!" he said.

"Oh, my ring!—my dear ring!—yes!" cried Mattie, turning round to him, with flushed cheeks and clasped hands.

"Have you found it?" sneered Rosalind, in her most malicious manner, while she whispered to Helena, "Artful minx! Did you ever see such perfect acting!" But Arthur Mornington did not seem to regard Mattie's agitation in that light, for as he gave her back her ring, he told her how glad he was to be the means of restoring to her anything she prized so highly.

"I think I found something else belonging to you, too," he continued: "at least the ring was in it," he said, drawing from his pocket the soiled, crumpled glove; "but it looks rather too large for you."

It certainly did look absurdly large as he held it up, the badly-shaped, dirty fingers sticking out in all directions; but poor Mattie stretched out her hand for it, blushing very much, and not daring to say that it did not really belong to her. But Rosalind, who had an amiable weakness for attacking friend and foe alike, and who never scrupled to say a cutting thing to Helena if it suited her purpose, darted on the grotesque looking object, and exclaimed: "Why, surely this is one of your gloves, Helena!"

"No, it isn't!" answered Helena, quickly, blushing furiously all the time.

"But I know it is," continued Rosalind, remorselessly enjoying her misery. "I heard you say you would lend Mattie a pair last night, and it is too large for either mamma or me. You know you are the only one in the house who takes sevens;" and she tossed the obnoxious glove into Helena's lap, who dashed it from her, almost stamping with fury, and crying out, "It is not mine, the horrid thing! Take it away! How dare you say it is, Rosalind?"

Meanwhile Arthur Mornington sat a silent spectator of this charming little specimen of sisterly affection, with contempt and disgust depicted on his features, and it was with a feeling of relief that he turned away to watch Mattie, who was showing her ring to Mrs. Mornington, and listening with deep interest to the old lady's recollections of her own mamma, when the two were girls together.

When Mrs. Mornington asked permission for Mattie to visit her for a month, Helena, who had now somewhat recovered her temper, and was trying by dint of her sweetest smiles to efface the remembrance of her fit of passion from Arthur Mornington's mind, could a second time, scarcely command herself as she watched the pleased sparkle in his eyes. Mrs. Gresham was equally enraged, but she knew it would be worse than useless to betray her annoyance, so she answered as smilingly as she could that she "feared dear Mattie's studies must not be interrupted; she was just at the age when so much care was needed; but perhaps she might pay dear Mrs. Mornington a short visit."

Mattie could have danced for joy at such an unexpected treat, and she thought she could have fairly clapped her hands with glee when Mrs. Mornington said, "As my carriage is here, dear Mrs. Gresham, of course you won't object to Mattie's returning in it with me to Fulham, and I will send a servant in the evening for her boxes. I have ordered luncheon at two, and it is half past one now; so run and put on your bonnet, child, and be quick!"

Mattie never dreamed of questioning her step-mother's motive, but accepted her apparent kindness with that true but rare charity "which thinketh no evil." But she had very little time for reflections of any sort when she reached "The Hermitage," where all was so new and strangely beautiful to her. Arthur thought he should never be tired of showing her all over the house, and listening to her bright, intelligent questions, as they lingered before each exquisite gem of art and taste.

Every day brought with it some new pleasure for Mattie. For the first time since her mother's death she tasted the delights of tender, affectionate care and sympathy. She became a different creature in this new life; and her pretty, loving ways and happy disposition, soon won her a firm place in old Mrs. Mornington's heart; while, as for Arthur, he discovered a fresh charm every day in this little blue-eyed girl, whom he had seen flitting about the conservatory on that memorable night. Many a pleasant *tete a tete* had they since enjoyed in that lovely spot; and it was beside the same cool fountain that Arthur at last whispered "the old, old tale," into Mattie's willing ears, and asked her to become his own little wife.

When Mrs. Gresham and her daughters heard the news they could scarcely find any terms strong enough to express their indignation at what they called Mattie's "mean, designing, and artful behavior;" but they were compelled to smother their feelings, and treat her, outwardly at least, with kindness.

When Mattie, soon afterwards, became Mrs. Arthur Mornington, and mistress of the Hermitage, she forgot all the slights and ill treatment she had received from her step-sisters, and endeavored, as much as possible, to share with them her advantages of wealth and position. They partook eagerly enough of all she could offer; but in their hearts never quite forgave her the happiness which her simplicity and gentleness alone had won her.

Jews in America.—The first settlement of Jews in America, took place about the year 1650. From that time until the beginning of the present century the entire Jewish population was so small, that only six congregations were established. These, with but one exception, are still in existence, ranking as the oldest congregations in the United States. The following list gives the dates of their organization: Shearith Israel, New York City, 1650; Teshaut Israel, Newport, R. I., 1658; Mickva Israel, Savannah Georgia, 1733; Beth Elohim, Charleston, S. C., 1750; Mickva Israel, Philadelphia, Pa., 1782; Beth Shalome, Richmond, Va., 1491. In 1802, the Rodeph Shalome congregation of Philadelphia was established as the first German congregation in this country. Since then the Jewish population has increased so wonderfully, that there must be now at least three hundred congregations and from two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand Jews in the United States.

French Drinks.—The French do not drink rum, gin, whisky, or water to any great extent. With the exception of absintho and considerable brandy, their drinking occupies a middle ground. They revel in a multitude of subtle, delightful mixtures—liquors, syrups, etc. All these liquors, indeed, are rather ladies' drinks. So too are the creme—mocha, tea, noveau, cummin, mint, ether, etc.; though all, including orgeat, are very refreshing in the summer-time. Masculine preferences are for beer, immense quantities of which are drank, especially in the evening, or for fine champagne, the name bestowed upon superior brands. However, ladies and gentlemen unite in disposing of half a dozen punch (sorbets), or eating ices—ravishing mixtures of cold and passion, the fruits of the tropics imbedded in a slice of the North Pole.

The Largest Plant in the World.—We are accustomed to regard the great trees of California as the most gigantic specimens of vegetable growths known to man, but such is not the case. There is a submarine plant growing in the North Pacific ocean, which dwarfs all others in its vast size. It has been known to grow to such an extent as to cover vast areas of the ocean bed. One specimen, by measurement, was found to cover three square miles, and the stem from which the growth proceeded was eight feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a plant, or how a system of nourishment can be maintained through such extended channels in the living organism.

Amusement and the Puritans.—An idea may be formed of the strictness with which all popular amusements were prohibited when the Puritans had the ascendancy, from the fact that in 1536 67 Oliver Cromwell prohibited all persons called fiddlers or minstrels from playing, fiddling or making music in any inn, ale house or tavern, &c. If they proffered themselves or offered to make music, they were to be adjuged to be rogues, vagabonds, and were to be proceeded against as such.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Cows and Celery.—A foreign journal states that cows have a great liking for celery, and that "in many districts" the leaves are fed to them either scalded or cut fine and mixed with bran-mash, and that they are preferred to red clover and bring "a far richer and sweeter milk than any other food."

Choked Cattle.—One of the best cures for choked cattle is an "ounce of prevention" in the shape of a root-cutter, through which all roots, apples, etc., shall be run before being fed to the animals. The price of such a machine is much less than the value of a single cow. Many farmers have lost several animals from choking during the years which a good root cutter would last.

Turnips.—Harvesting turnips may be done quickly by topping them with a sharp hoe, plowing a furrow away from the roots, and then dragging a harrow across the rows, so far as to tear them out of the ground towards the furrow. A slight bruising will be little damage as compared with the cheapness of the method. They may be rapidly thrown into wagons with manure forks. Turnips may remain in the wagons until there is danger of their being frozen in. Light frosts do not injure them.

Subduing Fractious Horses.—The Mexicans have a method of subduing fractious horses and such as are inclined to run away, which might be introduced here with profit. A hood or winker is so arranged that the driver or rider can in an instant draw it directly over the eyes of the animal, effectually blindfolding him. When this is done the horse instantly becomes quiet, and a repetition of the blindfolding two or three times gradually results in his becoming quiet and docile. Such an arrangement would be a valuable appendage to the headgear of such horses as are disposed to run away.

Care of Bees.—To drive the bees from a hive filled with comb, blow a few puffs of tobacco smoke into the hive, and then turn it bottom upwards, and immediately turn an empty one over it, and wrap a cloth of some kind round the junction to prevent the escape of the bees. Then proceed to beat the sides of the bottom hive with the hands or pieces of wood, and in a very short time the bees will begin to leave the combs and run up into the empty hive, and in from fifteen to twenty minutes nearly if not quite all will have ascended, as indicated by the cessation of the buzzing noise, which is invariably made as the old quarters are being vacated.

House Plants.—A few simple rules will promote success with house plants. Always let the night temperature be fifteen degrees lower than that of the day. Change the air of the room thoroughly every day without allowing a cold current of air to fall upon the plants; this may often be done through an adjoining room. Water when water is needed; and only then; it is better to let a plant suffer for a little—as shown by the flagging of the leaves—than to overwater and keep, as too many do, the soil in the pots in the condition of mud. Avoid dust as far as possible, by covering the plants while sweeping; but with all care they will get dust; those with smooth leaves must be sponged once a week, going over each leaf with a soft sponge, or soft cloth, dampened with blood-warm water.

FEMININITIES.

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

The far-sighted man's wife swaps not his overcoat for a plaster image.

A Western paper calls the mother in-law "The queen of terrors."

In English marriage notices the bride's pet names are put in brackets.

Scolding is the pepper of matrimony; the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for two hundred years.

The oldest woman in the world is said to be Mary Benton, of Elton, England, who is in her 168th year.

A young lady on being asked where her native place was replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

Maggie Barlow, of Massachusetts, received an unkind letter from her lover, and jumped into a stream and drowned herself.

A New Jersey girl boiled the clippings from her toe nails in some coffee which she gave to a young man, in the belief that it would win his affection.

Miss Agnes M'Queen, one of the famous Carolina family, is said to be a descendant of Mary Stuart. She now resides in Bryan, Texas, and is one of the belles of that region.

When their daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach; to put matches within their reach is their great anxiety when their daughters are older.

"I should just like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith, at the breakfast table, the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear—so should I," said Mr. Smith, with exceeding earnestness.

Men feel but contempt for a woman who may chance to love them if they love not in return; but a woman to the day of her death feels a tender pity, amounting almost to love, for the man who once honored her by desiring to make her his wife.

When a woman gets a red spot on the end of her nose the world charitably remarks that her blood is out of order; but just let that red spot appear on a man's nose and every one will declare they smell whiskey as soon as they get within twenty feet of him.

A lady, while looking over her husband's old clothes recently, discovered a letter which she had given him to post eleven years ago. The letter was addressed to a lady friend, and its non-arrival was the cause of an estrangement between the two families ever since.

DOCTOR ZADIG'S REMEDY.

Ogul was too fond of eating. He dearly loved his breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, and was never so happy as when he had a knife and fork in his hand. Nay, some people say there was a tray set in his bed-room, and about two in the morning he would get up and eat. Moreover, Ogul was a lazy man, and hated walking and work; he used to sit by the fireside in winter, and lie under a shady tree in summer—a fat porpoise, a caterpillar, a drone, his mother's sorrow, and his father's shame.

At last Ogul was very ill. He had eaten himself into a miserable state, and now he could eat no more. Hunger had left him, and instead of making five or six meals a day, he could hardly manage one. So his father sent to ask the Doctor what his son was to do. The answer came back, and it was this—"Take a basilisk, stew it in rose-water, and eat it."

"A basilisk! What is a basilisk?" asked Ogul.

"I don't exactly know, my son," answered his mother.

"Nor I," said his father. "We have plenty of rose-water to stew the creature in, but I don't think they sell them in our shops."

"Oh, I'm so ill!" sighed Ogul; "pray send again to Zadig, and ask him where we are to get a basilisk. Do, please, or I shall die."

So the man had to mount his horse once more and canter off to Zadig, who had a white beard, a black velvet cap with gold stars on it, a long robe, and a scroll of paper in his hand.

Zadig looked very wise when the servant delivered his message, and going to a cupboard he took out something from the top shelf which he put into his bosom—for pockets were not then invented. "I am now ready to go with you," said Zadig to the man, "but I have no horse, so I will sit beside you."

The man felt rather alarmed, for he thought Zadig would make the horse fly up into the air when he was on its back, but he dared not refuse, so off they set, one of Zadig's pupils running by their side. All the idle people came to their doors and windows to see the curious sight of two men on one fast-trotting horse—the one a groom in a leather jerkin, the other an old philosopher in dark blue samite.

By-and-by Ogul heard the clatter of horse hoofs in the court-yard under his bedroom window, and he felt glad, for he hoped he should now soon eat the stewed basilisk. He had been wondering how it would taste; whether it was like fish, or ducks and green peas; but he said if basilisk were as insipid as rice pudding or dry bread, he would gladly eat it if he could enjoy his five meals a day once more.

Presently there were voices on the stair. Then the chamber door swung open, and Zadig stood by Ogul's bed.

"I am very ill," said Ogul.

"I see you are," answered Zadig; "but you will soon be well again if you take my advice."

"I will take anything, however nasty," said Ogul. "Is basilisk nice or nasty?"

"Well, perhaps not so nice as ducks and green peas," said Zadig. Ogul then blushed, for he felt ashamed that Zadig should know how fond he was of eating dainties.

"Now, my son," said Ogul's father, "do let this good man cure you. He has told me you must get up before he can do anything for you."

"I can't, father," groaned the fat Ogul; "I am sure I have no strength."

"You must try, my son."

"Oh, sir," said Ogul, looking piteously at Zadig, "may I not eat the basilisk in bed?"

"My son," said Zadig, "the basilisk is not to be eaten with the teeth. It is to enter the body through the pores of the skin. Here it is, enclosed in a little ball, covered with fine leather. You must rise and stand yonder near the fire-place, I will stand here by the hour, and then we must strike this ball backwards and forwards towards each other, as though we were playing at battledore and shuttlecock."

Ogul groaned at the very thought of such a violent game; but Zadig told him it was the only chance of eating the basilisk and getting well, and if he did not rise and put on his clothes in half an hour, he (Zadig) would leave the house.

Upon this Zadig left the room with much show of anger, taking out a big watch of white metal as a sign that he meant what he said about the half hour.

For about ten minutes Ogul lay irresolute; but after many entreaties, his father and mother got him to do as Zadig desired.

Exactly at the end of the half hour Zadig entered the room. He looked quite pleased when he saw Ogul dressed, and taking the leather ball from his bosom, he stood at his chosen place near the door, and made signs he wished to begin.

"I have no time to spare," said Zadig, impatiently; "I must be in the Indian tower at sunset. Let us to business, Ogul."

"What am I to do?" said the unhappy Ogul.

"You are to stand there by the chimney and strike this ball back to me with your open palm, and I will send it again to you."

"Oh, this is worse than rice pudding or even dry bread. Is there no other way, then?"

"Silence, sir!" shouted Zadig, his eyes flashing a fire of anger. "If you say another word I will put up the basilisk and leave you for ever."

Ogul now saw he was in a corner, for Zadig would not be trifled with. So he stood by the fire place and prepared to strike the ball when it came to him.

"Now," shouted Zadig, send it back to me as hard as you please." So saying, he tossed the ball to Ogul, who, being naturally very strong, sent it back with a vengeance. If Zadig had not been a very great philosopher, the ball would have struck him a smart blow on the nose; but being up to everything, he was ready for it, and sent it back as quickly as it came. Ogul's object now was to revenge himself on his cross physician by sending the ball after him with all his might and main, and he would have felt delighted if the ball had struck Zadig and raised a lump on his forehead. But that could not be for Zadig knew as much about cricket, barn-ball and tennis as he did about the stars, and Ogul had enough to do to defend himself with his fat white hands. In about an hour's time he was perspiring at every pore, and so the doors of his body being open the basilisk entered in.

When Ogul felt ready to drop from fatigue, Zadig caught the ball and put an end to the game. "That will do for to-day," said he. "Now, Ogul, you must eat bread and drink rose-water, and nothing else till I come again. To-morrow my pupil, Hamet, will play with you as I have done to-day. If you refuse, he will leave you for ever, and you will die. Good day to you."

Then away went Zadig. Ogul was very tired and stiff with the unusual exertion, but he slept better that night than he had done for many weeks.

On the second day Hamet came up at the time appointed, and there was a sharp hour's ball practice. Ogul was not so tired as on the first day, and his second night's sleep was still better than the first. The play was continued for eight days, by which time the invalid had become as hungry as a hunter, and as blithe as a lark.

Zadig appeared just as Ogul and Hamet were finishing their last encounter. "How art thou now?" asked Zadig.

"Quite well again," replied Ogul. "How much do I owe thee for the basilisk?"

"Thanks," responded Zadig, "and a life of temperance, nothing more. There is no such thing in nature as a basilisk; but thou has taken exercise and been temperate, and hast, therefore, recovered thy health."

SIR ARCHIE'S WHIM.

BY E. W. P.

"No, my dears," remarked Mrs. Bendelpool, seated in her dressing-room, with one finger pressed critically to her lip, as she inspected two ball-dresses of blue, and mauve, "I really think you must have new ones for such an occasion. A girl's whole future is often ruined through an unbecoming toilette, or a faded or an ill-assorted ribbon. This blue looks everything but fresh in the trimmings; and Nora, my love, though the mauve was your choice, I never did think the color became you."

Nora and Clara Bendelpool were by no means loath to agree with their parents—new ball-dresses being in perspective. Only Clara, bending forward, her chin in her hand, wistfully suggested.

"But what will papa say to the expense, mamma?"

"Leave that to me, dear. To use his own words, 'he'll never spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar.' On such an occasion he would not let you appear worse than your neighbors. You, Nora, are twenty-one; you, Clara, twenty. It is high time you should be established in life, and why should not one of you be Lady Stokingham, as anybody else?"

"They say," remarked Clara, thoughtfully, "that Sir Archie is very handsome."

"Very; and so manly. None of your insipid drawing-room dandies," said Mrs. Bendelpool, contemptuously of that class among which, for the last two years, she had been angling to land "suitable establishments" for her daughters. "He has traveled until they say he is as brown as a bun."

"Bronzed, I fancy they said, mamma?"

"Well, bronzed as a bun. He has been all over Africa, shot gorillas in the Mountains of the Moon, hippopotami on the shores of the Nile, and, dear man, been nearly twice eaten alive by lions. Now he comes home to find a wife."

"The unheard-of dangers he has passed through having given him sufficient courage to undertake so perilous an enterprise," broke in a merry voice. "Pray, aunt, was it the lion's claws that suggested to him matrimony?"

The speaker was a young lady who had entered unheard, and now stood, the skirts of her riding-habit in one hand, while with the other she fanned herself with her Gainsborough hat.

"Vi, how incorrigible you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Bendelpool, looking round. "As to ever finding you a husband I despair, you frighten every suitor away by your out-spokenness."

"Because, aunt, I never came across one I care to keep," laughed the girl, dropping into a chair. "Pray take no trouble about me: I am twenty-four, so have set myself down already as an old maid:

"'Ilka lassie has a laddie
Ne'er a ane' a'e I'"

she began singing; then concluding with an "*Et cetera, et cetera,*" she added: "But pray, aunt, tell me about this Amadis de Gaul, or of gorillas and hippopotami. I confess I am curious to learn of one of whom all Shallowton is talking. Remember, I am almost a stranger here myself."

"It is simply this, Vi; Sir Archibald Stokingham, on inheriting the Hall at his father's demise, and, becoming his own master, aroused by the explorations of Livingstone, determined to do Africa. He has done Africa, and is now returning to settle down at Shallowton."

"And find a wife," broke in Vi, laughing. "I wish him every success."

"And, Vi," smiled Nora, "may probably carry off the baronet herself."

"Who! I?" was the reply. "No, indeed, give me a leal-born English lad, not a half-baked African. Nora or Clara must win him, and I'll dance at the bridal."

"I would," remarked Mrs. Bendelpool, with a sigh, "the thing were probable; but there's a mystery about the baronet's selection of a wife."

"A mystery!" and three young faces were turned quickly towards the speaker.

"No less," proceeded the elder lady. "You know he comes back with young George Summer, of the Abbey; and that it's the Summers who give this ball as a welcome home to him."

"Yes, yes—exactly. Go on."

"Well, this morning, when Mrs. Summer was telling me all about it, she read me her son's letter, and in it he writes, in his lively way, you know, that the baronet is coming to seek a wife, but that the girl he selects must possess one peculiarity, rarely to be found in fashionable young ladies. If she fail in this, be she as lovely as possible, or ——"

"'Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,'"

chimed in Violet.

"Just so, he had vowed never to wed her."

"But what is this peculiarity?" demanded two voices.

"That he keeps a profound secret. Even George Summer is not taken into his confidence; further than he knows this whim, or what you will, was formed while in Africa."

"Bah!" remarked Vi, rising and tossing back her brown hair. "The poor man has had a sunstroke, or his brain is addled by the heat of the tropics, which hatches ostriches' eggs. In my idea the man is contemptible who shows his conceit by imagining that he has but to walk into a garden of blooming English girls, and select just which he pleases."

And the speaker wandered away, singing; leaving the trio further to discuss Sir Archie and his whim.

Violet was the niece of Mrs. Bendelpool. Left an orphan with an income of three hundred pounds, her aunt had offered her a home—a very happy one, where she did pretty much as she liked. She was dark, small featured, and not particularly pretty, save in the pleasant mirthful expression of the countenance. The Miss Bendelpools were handsome, and never regarded Vi as a rival, for though she liked male society, she abhorred and speedily stopped flattery or sentiment.

The evening of the Summer ball arrived. The Bendelpool house was in commotion; the unfortunate lady's-maid was summoned from dressing-room to dressing-room, until she was tired out of her life. As the last touches were being given, Mrs. Bendelpool entered smiling, holding two pasteboard boxes in her hand.

"Nora, Clara," she said, "papa has meant these for Christmas presents, but he has forestalled them for this evening."

The boxes opened, the girls gave a cry of delight—each contained a pearl necklace, with pendant and earrings to match. They were speedily placed, and certainly "the Bendelpool girls" looked to use a young Ozonian's words, "no end of stunning."

"Where is Vi?"

"Here, my dear Nora, quite ready to admire you," answered Violet, entering, tastefully attired in an amber, gauzy, lacy fabric.

"Clara, Sir Archie will feel like——"

"Don't say a donkey between two bundles of hay, Vi."

"No, like Macbeath. 'How happy could I be with either;'" and descending to the carriage, they drove to Summer Abbey.

The ball was indeed a grand one; and Sir Archie Stokingham, a broad-shouldered, fair, brown-haired, frank, handsome, bronzed, young English gentleman, was the lion of the evening.

"Which is but fair," whispered Vi, "considering the lions had it so much their own way in Africa."

Vi quizzed him, nevertheless danced with him, and said he was very entertaining, and even, possibly, would improve on acquaintance.

The Bendelpool girls, and all the other handsome girls danced with him, and declared he was divine!

Sir Archie certainly seemed to have the same opinion of his partners. He was graciousness itself.

"Arn't the Bendelpool girls jolly handsome, Archie?" whispered George Summer.

"Very—very, indeed!"

"Well, now you have seen the beauty of Shallowton, how about your selection of a wife?"

"It is made," was the reply.

"Made?"

"Yes, if the lady will be kind enough to have me. I shall ask permission to—to improve our acquaintance, with the ulterior idea of partnership, to-night."

"Never!"

"True."

"But—but, the peculiarity?"

"Out of all the crowd here," remarked Sir Archie, "only one possesses it. Of course I am not compelled to marry this one; but, as circumstances turn out, I think I should like to try."

And with that Sir Archie strolled away, a dance forming, to find the ladies on whose tablets his name was down. That lady was Violet.

They had a very pleasant and chatty spin just twice round the ball-room—Vi remarked that dancing, like other good things, was to be taken in moderation. Then they stood aside, watching the rest. Nora, leaning on the shoulder of George Summer, whirled by, soon after came Clara, with a Colonel Haneley.

"A pretty, graceful scene," smiled Sir Archie; "especially to one fresh from the wilds of Africa, though even here I find resemblances. The gems and gold of the ornaments in the ladies ears, as they flash by, remind me of the fireflies, as they darted through the dark tropical night."

"Do they recall to you nothing else, Sir Archibald?" inquired Vi, roguishly.

"How do you mean?"

"That there is a further resemblance; indeed that there is not much difference between an African lady who wears a ring through the nose or lip, and a European girl who wears one through her ear. Is it not a remnant of barbartim?"

The baronet gave a great start.

"That decides me," he exclaimed half aloud. "Miss Fortescue, may I lead you to take an ice?"

Before that ice was consumed, Sir Archie had asked permission, very humbly, for it was really a case of love at first sight, to woo Vi, and after awhile had obtained a half-consent.

"But," said Vi, as they returned slowly to the ball-room, "I understand the lady you intended to honor——"

"Must have a certain peculiarity?" he broke in. "True, Miss Fortescue, and you have it."

"I?" ejaculated Vi, starting. "Good gracious!"

"You," he repeated, smiling. "When traveling through Africa, I saw the hideousness of the nose and lip-rings worn by its races. The idea occurred to me whether my fair countrywomen, considering their superior cultivation, were any better and less barbarous than they. And there and then I vowed never to wed a woman who had not the courage and sense to resist fashion, and preserve the prettiest ornament nature had given her sex," and he looked down at Vi's perfect shell-like ear, unmutilated. "Miss Fortescue, I have found that lady; my greatest trouble now is whether I may ever hope to win her."

Vi did not give her answer then; but a year after, certain it is, she became Lady Stokingham—a reward, she used laughingly to aver, for her superiority of civilization over the other fair ladies of Shallowton.

USE OF LEAVES.—Leaves are too valuable to allow them to be blown about and scattered. Gather those from the roadside that would otherwise be lost, and lay in a stock from the woods. They are the natural covering for herbaceous plants, and if more are collected than are wanted for covering, they make excellent bedding in the stable and from there a rich addition to the manure heap.

WILD MAN.—The various legends of "wild men of the woods," which are circulated here and there, rarely have authentication, but the latest seems to be incontrovertible, for the wild man of Tennessee is said to be on exhibition. As described, the general outline of his figure would indicate that he is an ordinary man. Close inspection shows that his whole body is covered with a layer of scales, which drop off at regular periods, in the spring and fall, like the skin of a rattlesnake. He has a heavy growth of hair on his head and a dark, reddish beard about six inches long. His eyes present a frightful appearance, being at least twice the size of the averaged sized eye. Some of his toes are formed together, which give his feet a strange appearance, and his height when standing perfectly erect, is six feet five inches. His entire body must be wet at intervals, and should this be neglected, he begins immediately to manifest great uneasiness, his flesh becomes feverish, and his sufferings cannot be alleviated until the water is applied.

INSTINCT IN BIRDS.—In the stormy part of the year last winter a steamer encountered rough weather, and, as often happens at such times, many seagulls hovered near the ship and even came on board. One allowed itself to be caught, and it was found that it had a fish-bone stuck in the eye in such a position as not absolutely to destroy the sight, but penetrating an inch into the flesh of the bird and projecting an inch and a half. The doctor of the ship took the bird, and extracted the bone, applied a soothing remedy to the wound, and let it go. It flew away, but returned the next day, again allowing itself to be caught. The doctor examined the wound which was progressing favorably, applied more of the remedy, and let the bird go a second time. It flew several times around the ship, and then departed and returned no more.

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.—The intestine wars which so long devastated England were carried on under the symbols of the Red and White Rose. The adherents of the House of Lancaster choose the red rose as their mark of distinction, whilst those of York choose the white. This fratricidal war continued until the union of the roses by the marriage of Henry VII with Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV, in 1446, since which time the rose has continued to be the emblem of England.

Obituary.

DIED—At Nazareth, Northampton county, Pa., October 24th, 1878, JACOB MIKSCH, aged 91 years and 3 months.

"Father Miksch," as he was familiarly called, was born August 14th, 1787, at Christian Spring, one of the early Moravian settlements in this State. He and his wife celebrated their "golden wedding" February 2d, 1862. Father Miksch left eight children, 29 grandchildren, and 23 great-grandchildren.

He was a constant reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST for over fifty-seven years, having been a subscriber ever since the paper was founded in 1821. It is always a sad duty to record the loss of a friend, especially one who has been associated with us through the many changes of over half a century; and while we have welcomed many new names to our list of friends during that time, there is always a sad vacancy left when the "old friends" go.

We call attention to the advertisement of Doctors Starkey and Palen. The names to whom they refer is sufficient to inspire confidence. Their treatise of 200 pages is sent free.

FACT VS. THEORY

On August 31, 1878, Western Union Telegraph stock sold at the New York Stock Exchange for 81 1-2 per share. September 18th, 1878, this same stock sold at 96 1-4, a fluctuation of 14 3-4 per cent. in 6 days. 10,000 shares of this stock bought at 81 1-2 on a margin of 1 per cent. required an actual capital of $10,000. The same stock sold at the advanced price of 96 1-4, showed a profit of $1,175 per 100 shares, or 14 3-4 per cent. on the stock. On the whole 10,000 shares the actual profit was $147,500 or 14 3-4 times the capital used within the brief space mentioned. People often theorize about supposable cases. The above are hard facts shown by the official record. Very few persons, however, are able to invest roughly the $80,000 necessary to reap such fabulous profits as were gained by the above transaction, but Messrs. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, New York City, have issued a new circular, showing how large or small sums may be used successfully in stock speculations by their new Combination Method of pooling thousands of orders into one immense sum and operating them as a whole, which places every customer on an equality with the largest operators, and divides profits pro rata among shareholders every 30 days. By this system large profits are made in short periods. $25 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $50 pays $350 or 7 per cent.; $100 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent. on the stock during the month, according to the market. The new circular explains everything; also contains "Two unerring rules for success in stock operations" and much other valuable information. Copyrighted and sent free. This firm furnishes best of reference as to standing and responsibility. All kinds of stocks and Bonds wanted and new Government Loans supplied. Apply to Messrs. Lawrence & Co., Bankers 57 Exchange Place, New York city.

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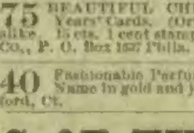

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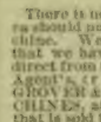

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Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One wish true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it—
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee—all around?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt,
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And that is true rest!

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

Perhaps Bridget was a little mistaken there. Mrs. Pomeroy accepted it for truth. She was becoming greatly interested in the story of the poor young nun.

"The prediction is there," resumed Bridget, pointing to the picture. "But you can hardly see it, I think, madam, not to read it. This room is dark in the after part of the day, because the sun goes behind the tower; and it must be set now."

"The prediction?" repeated Mrs. Pomeroy.

"It is the strangest part of the history," continued Bridget. "On the morrow following the accident, when she was lying dead, poor lady, in this very room, the lord saw some lines written on the picture, close to the hand which she is holding up. It was never known who wrote them: some people thought she did, before she took the leap; but the lord knew that the characters were not hers, and they came to be regarded as having been done by supernatural agency. In the earlier part of a bright day they can be read without a light, but not when the room's in the shade. Some few thought they applied to what the lord had done; but it is mostly held and believed that they are to affect a later Pomeroy."

"And what are they?"

"They betoken woe to the house," answered Bridget. "I: is to be hoped they'll not be realized for many a generation."

Mrs. Pomeroy had put her face and eyes close to the picture, endeavoring to decipher the lines. But she was unable to do so, though she could discern that some were there.

"The late lord—the one who had done the wrong was his grandfather—put little faith in all this, and I have heard him laugh over it," re-commenced Bridget; whose tongue, once set going on these topics, would never have ceased of its own accord. "He did not keep the room or the wing shut up, and any of the family could come in who liked, and we had to dust and clean here once or twice a year. He was a rare one for disliking dust and dirt. But——"

"Stay a moment, Bridget. In saying the late lord, do you mean him who died last?"

"Surely yes, madam. But as I was going to add, the present lord had the whole wing shut up as soon as he came into power. The Pomeroys are a proud race, the present lord especially is, and they deem the picture a memento of disgrace; a blot on the scutcheon of their ancestors. So the lord keeps the curtain down over it—that the bad lord had put—as his father did before him; and in addition he keeps the room shut and locked, and all the west wing besides."

"But it is going a roundabout way to attain his end," remarked Mrs. Pomeroy. "Why not destroy the picture, and have done with it?—and have the room thrown open and embellished. I shall suggest it to the lord."

Bridget shook her head. "Not a Pomeroy dare destroy that picture. An impression has passed down from father to son, since the time of the sinning lord—that whoever does away with the picture, must look out for the cost, for that the fulfillment of the prediction will then be at hand. Whether my lord puts faith in it, madam, I can't say; likely not, for he is one of the boldest of a bold race; but anyway, he takes care to keep the picture hidden so that no harm can approach it."

"I wish I could see the prediction," cried curious Mrs. Pomeroy, not feeling altogether pleased that Guy should have kept her in the dark as to these matters, or withheld this delightfully marvellous story from her. "Suppose you fetch a candle, Bridget?"

"Will the lady like to remain here alone?" hesitated the servant, halting at the threshold.

The lady of Pomeroy settled that by motioning the woman to hold back the hangings, and stepping down into the next room. There she took up her station at the open window, and leaned from it, that the evening air might be company until Bridget's return.

As Bridget was going down the stairs of the north tower she met Jerome. "Where do you spring from?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"The Lady of Pomeroy called me, and I have been into the west tower with her. She——"

"Don't thee tell lies, girl," interrupted the old man, not believing a word.

"You are polite to-night," returned Bridget: "I have been into the west tower with my lady; into the haunted room. And now I am going to fetch a light that she may see the lines on the nun's picture."

As Jerome slowly took in the sense of the words, his mouth dropped, and his hands were lifted. "In there!" he muttered to himself in consternation. "And the lord said it was never to be opened to her—that she was too young to be frightened with such tales. She found the key, then, after all my excuses! What possessed the other key, I wonder, that I could not get it away from the lock?"

"Why, Jerome," exclaimed the Lady of Pomeroy, "the key you wanted was on the bunch!"

"As I find, madam. Pity I did not look more particularly."

Bridget came back with a light, and they all went into the room. Mrs. Pomeroy took the candle from her hand, and held it close to the lines on the picture. Bridget looked on composedly, and Jerome in abstraction, while she slowly read them.

"When Pomeroy's heir goes forth a wife to win,
And Pomeroy's heir goes forth in vain;
When Pomeroy's lord by a lie doth gain,
Then woe to the Pomeroys, twain and twain!"

Barely had Mrs. Pomeroy read this when a shriek from Bridget caused her to start back. She had inadvertently held the wax-light too near, for the writing was faint, and had set fire to the picture.

Bridget's screams went on. What with the blaze near to her and what with the superstitious fancies connected with the picture, the ill anticipated upon its destruction, she really could not contain herself. Of a calm, equable nature, she had never in her life been so startled as now; it may be said, so uncontrollably terrified. Combined with the superstitious dread came fears of the abbey's destruction by fire: and while Jerome was quietly putting the flames out, and scorching his poor hands in doing it, Bridget rushed into the next room, flew to the open casement, put forth her head, and shrieked, "Fire! fire!"

She was heard by one of the men, who happened to be in the cloisters below. He looking the very image of incredulous astonishment, for he knew nothing of this expedition of Mrs. Pomeroy's, alarmed his fellows, and a host of them came running up. Jerome had put out the flames then, and was locking up the haunted room with the remains of the picture within it. Mrs. Pomeroy had come forth, and was standing by the shaking and trembling Bridget.

"How stupid you are, Bridget!" she tractiously said: for when vexed with ourselves, it is satisfactory to find a scapegoat to pitch upon; and the accident had vexed Mrs. Pomeroy very considerably. "It was startling for the minute, of course, but there's no cause for you to shiver and shake like that."

"Madam—I—I beg your pardon. I felt just as if I should die."

"For my part, I think it is as well that the old thing is destroyed," spoke Mrs. Pomeroy, striving to make light of the catastrophe, but in her heart wondering what Guy would say to it, and whether he would be frightfully angry with her. "The worst is, I can't remember the lines, I wish that I could have copied them first."

"Oh, ma'am, I know them by heart," said Bridget. "I can repeat them whenever you wish; or write them out for you."

It was at this juncture that the men got through the west wing, and into this last room. Jerome, trembling nearly as much as Bridget, told them all was safe now, and borrowed a couple of handkerchiefs to wrap round his hands. What fire was it, did they want to know—what was burnt, he added in answer to confused inquiries. Well, it was the picture.

The picture! Not one amongst the lot but started back a step at the ominous word. For in the household of the Lord of Pomeroy, comprising as it did many ancient and attached servitors, the doom, supposed to be hanging over the family, formed a not unfrequent topic of conversation. All had been permitted at some time or another, to steal up to see the nun's picture and read the prediction.

Making way for the Lady of Pomeroy, and bowing as she passed onwards between them, the descent was made in dismayed silence. Only Bridget, who could not possibly lose much time in finding her tongue, lagged behind to exchange whispers with Jerome.

"She'll die in her confinement, Jerome."

"What d'ye say?" returned Jerome, really not understanding.

"I'm afraid she will; our poor lady! She has caused the calamity, you see; and it's well known that whoever should do that would be the one on whom the evil will mostly fall. That's why the lords have taken such care of themselves and never gone anigh the picture."

"I wish my old hands had been burnt right off first, rather than they should have brought out the keys at all," was Jerome's bitter answer.

"Poor thing! Yes, she'll go when her baby is born."

"Nonsense!" irascibly muttered Jerome. "Don't you go and set that other notion agate."

"Talking in confidence to you isn't setting it agate."

"And within the next hour you'll talk of it in confidence to a dozen more! How old are you, Bridget?"

"Thirty last birthday. You know that."

"Yes. And, being thirty, one would ha' thought you might have learnt a little discretion. Die when her baby's born, indeed! You had better let the lord hear you say such a thing."

"I've done no harm: and I'm sure if prayers will ensure her safety, she will have mine. But it's an awful thing to happen!—and especially that it should have been his wife to do it. I thought she was holding the light very close. And now you come into Aunt Rex's parlor, Jerome, and let us see your hands."

Barely had Mrs. Pomeroy gained her own rooms, when Guy returned. Anxious about his wife, not caring to leave her at present longer than he could help, he always made a point of returning early. In her heart of hearts, she was somewhat afraid of her husband, knowing how stern he was by nature, and her courage failed her as she prepared to tell her tale. Better that he should hear it from herself than from the household.

"Guy," she whispered, nestling to him as he sat down by her on the sofa, "something very unfortunate has happened, and I want to tell you of it. I have had an accident and done some mischief."

The thought, passing through Guy's mind at this, was that she must have broken some one or other of the costly ornaments he had bought to adorn her sitting room. Drawing her closer to him, a smile parted his lips as he looked down at her. All he could see was the parting of her bright brown hair, for her face was hidden.

"Dreadful mischief, no doubt," he answered fondly.

"I want you to forgive me for it; not to be too angry with me."

"I will not be angry with you at all; and I forgive you beforehand. What is it?"

In a voice that he could hardly hear, she told her tale, holding one of his hands between hers, as if playing with it. How that, sitting alone in the oak room, she had fallen on a wish to see the west wing opposite, and had gone to it with Jerome; and how that later, wanting to see the picture better and the lines on it, she had told Bridget to bring a candle; and—and—there she broke into tears.

"And what!" asked Guy in a low, strange voice, that did not sound like his own.

"Burnt it," she sobbed. "The flame of the candle caught the picture as I held it; and it blazed up, and burnt."

Not a word spoke Guy. Not a symptom of anger did he betray. His thoughts seemed to be gone a wool-gathering; his eyes had a far-away look in them.

"Won't you say you forgive me, Guy? I am so sorry; so vexed."

"Yes, yes," he answered hastily; "I forgave you beforehand. It does not matter: it cannot be helped. There, there, love, don't cry. But you should not have gone up there without me."

"And what do you think the prediction meant, Guy?—something about the Heir of Pomeroy failing to get a bride, and the lord winning one by a lie?"

"I think nothing," replied Guy in a sharp tone. "But don't go climbing about the abbey again, my dear; you are not in a fit state for it. As to the picture, it was a memento of a deed which, if tradition may be trusted, was a disgrace to the name of Pomeroy."

CHAPTER X.

THE QUARREL.

The round grey stone building, not large, but very old, called the Keep, stood near to the back of the Abbey of Pomeroy, its walls overgrown with moss. A gentle slope of green grass descended from it, then came a level dell, and then, on another gentle slope rose the rear, or west pile of the abbey. This rear had neither entrance nor window; no look-out of any kind; you must travel round to the front before you could get in.

Sitting near the Keep on the dry and warm grass one hot day in the beginning of October, was the lovely Lady of Pomeroy. She had thrown herself there in listlessness; for her old listlessnesses at times clung to her yet. Pacing the dell before her, was the nurse bearing the infant, now some two months old. The anticipated heir, so anxiously expected and for whom great rejoicing had been planned, had turned out to be a pretty little girl. The Lord of Pomeroy did not appear to care for the disappointment; better luck next time, he said. He loved the child just as much as he would have loved the heir; ay, and was as proud of it. The rejoicings were to be held all the same; they had been delayed until his wife should be thoroughly restored to strength. Then the invitations went out, and on the morrow the abbey would be filled with guests. Guy had taken advantage of his last day of leisure to ride to Owlstone; and his wife sat, as you see, on the grass, before the old and uninhabited Keep.

"Bridget, is the baby sleeping?"

"Just going off, madam."

"Then take her indoors."

Bridget moved towards the abbey with her charge. She had been promoted to the office of nurse to the child, simply because Mrs. Pomeroy had become fascinated with her tales and her legends of the dead-and-gone Pomeroys, belonging to the aged as dead-and-gone as they were. Bridget would recount to her marvellous legends of the Pomeroys' grandeur and chivalry, varied with whispers of the Pomeroys' less laudatory exploits. Mrs. Pomeroy took quite a liking for the woman, and she assigned to her the place of nurse to the child; herself being its nurse in one sense of the word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The exquisite variety of figured materials are well adapted for the economical renovation of a dress. A few yards of brocbe, silk and wool, or all silk, or embossed velvet, in all of which charming combinations of color are visible, can be so judiciously applied that on all cashmere or other woollen costume is transformed into a stylish toilette of the latest style. A well worn corsage may have a vest inserted in the front, and a wide fold or revers on the back, and the cuffs replaced by new ones; revers of the same material as is employed on the waist can be added on the sides of the skirt; on the bottom of the drapery may be a narrow bias band of the figured material, while a similar band is placed as a heading to the flounce or on its edge, which renovates that if worn and frayed. The result is a new and effective costume, and the expense is only the few yards of some figured material.

Home dresses and street costumes of plain serge or cashmere are also trimmed effectively with Scotch plaid, arranged in a style similar to the mode I have just described. This is especially useful in renovating childrens' school dresses, for the addition of some pretty woollen plaid is very pretty on the materials used for such dresses.

Although there are so many novelties in dress materials, some of the old ones have not lost favor, for some of the prettiest costumes I have seen are made of cashmere, in which dark prune, hunters' green, seal brown, garnet, and metallic blue are the popular shades. These are trimmed with charming effect with some striped or fancy material, in which the same shade is combined, with other colors; or striped velvet and satin, forming revers and bias bands.

I must not omit to mention a very beautiful visiting dress I have seen, made of ruby velvet and silver gray brocaded silk.

The skirt was of silk, very long and quite plain. At the bottom it was lined with the velvet, to show which lining it was cut up about four inches high (these slits being about six inches apart) and the corners turned back. Under this was a finely pleated flounce of the silk. The long Princess tunic, made of the ruby velvet, was untrimmed and very long, with long shawl-shaped ends crossing each other behind, where its entire length is fastened with ruby silk buttons. On the right side it was cut up to within twelve inches of the waist, and this opening was laced across, showing the skirt beneath, with a very thick cord of ruby silk, ending in loops of the same and heavy tassels.

The sleeves were slashed at the elbows and shoulders with puffings of the silk. In the front the bodice was opened in the shape of a V over an under-bodice of silk in fine pleats. The deep cuffs worn outside the sleeves, and the broad turned-down collar, were of Mechlin lace. The hat was of silver-grey plush, Rembrandt shape, and rather large, lined with a full pleating of ruby velvet, and trimmed only with two large silver-grey ostrich feathers drooping very low behind.

A simple dress of olive-green Vienna cloth and gros-grain of the same shade of color, struck me as a very pretty toilet. The skirt, made of the silk, was quite plain, with only a thick silk cord at the bottom, and a pleated flounce of muslin edged with Breton lace beneath. The tunic, a very long one of the cloth, drawn tightly from the front and draped slightly at the back, was edged with five rows of a very handsome, but narrow, braid, a mixture of gold thread and olive-green silk. A number of rows of this braid, arranged to simulate a deep cuff, formed the only trimming of the very tightly-fitting sleeve. The buttons, which were small and fastened the tunic its entire length in front, were to match the braid, a mixture of gold and olive-green. The bonnet, rather a close-fitting gipsy-shaped one, was of olive-green felt, lined with silk, with a small pleating of white tulle under the brim in front. On the outer edge of the brim were three rows of very narrow gold cord, and round the crown was a narrow band of the silk, over which was placed a very full wreath of olive-green shaded velvet leaves with gold berries.

Balmoral skirts are made with very dainty dressy effects, making them better adapted to wear with handsome costumes. They are of light shades of cashmere or merino, and the flounce is edged with lace, which is also inserted in spaces in the flounce. A red foulard skirt was trimmed with a narrow pleating of the same, headed by imitation Valenciennes lace. This was repeated in three rows; a black foulard was similarly trimmed with Torchon lace. Squirrel has hitherto been principally used of late years as linings to the all-round cashmere and silk mantles; but now the best grey squirrel appears on the outside, the cashmere or silk inside, and some new paletots, or rather ulsters, of grey squirrel are lined throughout with quilted silk or satin. Sealskin paletots are the fashion of the year; the best are from young seals of two years old, the skin thin, the fur close and velvety. In choosing sealskin, the thinner the skin and the more velvety the fur the better—the best kind being the Alaskas. All sealskins are dyed, and the shade is now darker than heretofore; the "paletots are close-fitting, and from 32 to 40 inches long. Longer ones trimmed with skunk and sable, have hanging sleeves.

Sable is rarely so cheap as it is now. Closely allied to it in appearance is the stone marten, known as French sable, and just half the price. Silk and cashmere paletots, lined with fur and bordered with a double row of genet, raccoon, skunk, or black fox, are the fashion. The fashionable coachmen's capes are now made in fur, and will be largely worn this winter by ladies. They reach to the waist, and are light and warm.

Ribbed velvet in two shades will be much employed in millinery; a cabriolet, for instance, is made of striped velvet with very narrow bright blue stripes on a dark claret-colored ground; the chapeau is encircled by a long curled feather in both shades.

A black felt chapeau with long gray hairs is ornamented with a large Alsatian bow of black satin, the centre of the bow crossed by a long gilded caterpillar; a similar caterpillar is placed at the back amongst loops of satin ribbon.

Coiffures for in-door wear are of the most dainty description; many are composed of oriental gauze combined with lace, others are of foulard or of muslin with *crepe de coq* crowns. One very pretty coiffure is of pale yellow foulard scalloped with red, mingled with pleatings of Mechlin lace and a lovely little bouquet of green velvet ferns, red thistles, and balls of floss silk. Another coiffure is of real Indian cashmere bordered with gilt sequins.

A charming fichu may be made of crepe lisse, with Valenciennes insertion; this pattern resembles a deep sailor collar at the back, and is edged with lace of same kind as the insertion. The front is of the shawl shape (open) forming soft folds, and is caught in at two different places, by five rows of very close gathering. A deep Valenciennes puffing is laid down the centre of the corsage. Long sleeves of similar muslin, finished off with insertion and lace, complete the whole.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Inexpensive Home Millinery.—"Home millinery!" echo many of my readers, doubtfully, "I wonder what can be said on the subject?"

So much has been written on woman's extravagance in her bonnets, that home millinery has now become one of the most important and desirable features of dress economy, and I am very sure the subject has many excellent arguments which will refute the severe imputations the sex has suffered from by her fondness of new bonnets, and pretty ones, and any advice on the subject must be welcome to the many who are not adepts in the art, and yet try to do something in the premises.

The spring and autumn seasons inaugurate the change in the bonnet or hat, and create the necessity for new ones; for while the old dress can be turned and renovated with excellent results, or even worn with an independent defiance of any changes in the styles, the old bonnet is not quite so independent in asserting itself, and then comes the query, "What can I do with my old bonnet or hat? How can I make it over to do for the summer or winter, as the case may be?"

The taking to pieces of an old bonnet is an excellent lesson in millinery of itself, and in nine cases out of ten the foundations of the new one may be found in the old.

Of course I am addressing these suggestions to that large class of ladies, married or single, whose allowance for dress is very limited—from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars a year, or even much less. Out of this income an expensive bonnet is not attainable without unduly sacrificing the rest of the appearance. Two bonnets and two hats are almost indispensable during the year, but in the country where hats are more worn, two hats are scarcely adequate for constant wear.

From the present popularity of "home millinery," and the shopping facilities afforded for its success, two dollars and a half or three, expended with care, does much towards making a pretty fashionable bonnet; and if one has any material to utilize it can be done for less.

And now I have come to that very important point where my instructions are on economy and a careful consideration in the choice of materials.

But first let me add one little word on the delicate subject of complexion in regard to head gear of any kind. If you are a "brunette" avoid neutral tints and wear only positive colors, but do not tire your friends with everlasting scarlet, under the idea that nothing else becomes you. A "blonde," in the bloom of youth, may wear light grays and browns; but if on the shady side of forty she should, like her brunette sister, adopt only positive colors, as washy, weak coloring is only becoming to extreme youth and a fair appearance.

The new shades of red and green are very pretty and becoming, and may be used for bonnets in shades with great advantage.

It must be confessed that a person is born with millinery talent, just as one is born an artist or musician, and in no instance does it betray itself as in home millinery, in which so much depends on one's innate talent and dexterity, and that lightness and delicacy of touch so absolutely necessary to its success.

What is commonly called a good workwoman is generally the most passable hand at making a bonnet, for good sewing is quite unnecessary, and every stitch must be put with a sort of inspiration and foreknowledge of how it will look when done.

"Milliners' stitch" is the proverbial term for the long loose stitches a neat sewer revolts at, and which are the requisite ones to fasten bonnet materials without giving a puckered look.

Good taste is a quality very needful too, although a careful observation may in a measure supply the want of it. Indeed I would say, just to those who can do it, take a walk on the main shopping thoroughfare in a city, and study carefully the models exposed for sale in the shop windows. Even a novice in this may be enabled to judge of the style and colors in fashion, and will be assisted in selecting what she is able to accomplish without spoiling too much material, or completely ruining herself in the cost of what she spoils.

Good materials are of more importance in millinery than in any branch of work. Nothing shows so much as your bonnet or hat, and, independent of this, good materials can be used several times.

In buying velvet for trimming always try to choose a good one. If the nap be dark, have the piece carried to the light, that you may judge of the effect; be more careful of this in the case of black velvet, which should be a blue black instead of a brownish shade. A sufficiently good black velvet for trimmings may be purchased for about two dollars a yard, but if you can afford a better one do not hesitate in your choice of it, for it lasts so much longer. In buying velvet "cut on the cross" be careful to see it well cut. Three-eighths of a yard ought to be enough to trim a hat handsomely, but if unevenly cut—the proper length only at one selvage, and minus an inch or more at the other—it is difficult to put the binding on the edge of a hat, and the bows will be stinted. A good velvet can be steamed and cleaned so as to be fresh for several bonnets, and a cheap poor one cannot.

Nothing adds so much to the appearance of a bonnet or hat (particularly the latter), as a handsome ostrich feather. A very nice long uncolored one may be had for $3, or even less; but remember in purchasing that a good one will last for years, and can be recurled and freshened time after time; indeed there is no greater convenience and boon to the home milliner than a good ostrich feather; it is always a trimming in itself—on hand, ever ready to be transferred from one hat to another, as well as ready for any emergency or when in doubt as to the trimming.

Let me add that it is only poor economy to purchase cheap feathers of any kind, for they are soon shorn of their beauty by usage, while a good ostrich feather or tip, a handsome breast or wing or bird is always economical in the end, although it may seem an extravagant outlay at first. How many, many times such good feathers can do good service, many of my readers can testify to without doubt; and probably many of them can testify to the poor economy of having bought poor cheap feathers.

Ostrich tips are cheaper and make very pretty trimmings; a good one can be obtained for $1.50 and upwards, or a bunch of small ones for $1.50.

There are many shops now expressly supplied with everything requisite for your bonnet, without leaving the place, which helps one very much; but before you make your purchase it is best to have your "ideal bonnet" carefully planned in your mind, so you may avoid unnecessary purchases or buying more material than is needed.

Velvet, silk or crepe for bonnets are always bought on the bias; the general width of velvets for such purposes is eighteen or twenty inches wide. Bonnet silks are generally the same width, white crepe is sometimes forty-four inches wide.

I have discussed velvet, silk, and feathers, and now my next topic would naturally be flowers. Nothing can be more exquisite than the perfect imitations of nature in the artificial flowers now made, and I do not wonder at any modiste overloading her creations with them out of pure admiration, for they are irresistible, particularly in the spring, when there is a general longing for flowers, and we can have them on our bonnets if we cannot have them in our gardens.

The novice generally errs in the excess, and great judgment should be exercised in the selection. Above all do not buy too cheap flowers, for they so soon lose their freshness, and cannot be used a second time. A good flower, slightly soiled or crumpled, can by a few dexterous touches of the fingers be made to look quite fresh, and will come in for many opportune occasions, when one requires a floral addition to their dress, a bouquet for the belt or hair. If a rose and the edges have become ravelled, a little judicious cutting with sharp scissors will have a wonderful effect. An economical method, practiced by many, is to buy flowers at a large dealer's, where you can obtain your leaves separately in large bunches, and make them up afterwards with the flowers, for frequently a few fresh leaves added to a cluster of roses is all that is required to make it look quite new.

For young ladies who go out a great deal to evening parties this would be desirable, as the present fashion of trimming with flowers could be carried out with much less expense. Neatness and a little observation of the natural growth of the flowers on which you work, with a careful regard for their harmonious combination, are only requisite, and you can produce some charming floral trimmings for bonnets or dress.

The felt bonnet and hat, which are so popular for the winter season, facilitate one very much in home millinery; the felt hats come frequently with a binding, so they only require the addition of the scarf and ornaments, while the felt bonnets are rarely bound, nor even faced at the present season. They may be divided into two classes, the cheap ones which are hard and often a brownish black, and the expensive, which are fine and soft in texture, and generally of the best shapes. The prices vary quite widely, and the buyer should be guided by her own discretion as to which she should select; but it rarely repays one to renovate a felt in shape another season as one does a straw, and therefore the cheaper varieties are more sought after, and they can be then discarded at the end of the season without being extravagant, and let the expense be in the good quality of the trimmings, for the velvet or silk can be freshened, and a handsome bird, wing, or feather, or gilt ornament, will last a dozen such bonnets.

A good quality of white felt is more necessary than in a black one, for when it becomes soiled it can be chalked over and made to look quite fresh, and one of good quality can be treated this way much better than a cheaper one.

The velvet covered frames lately introduced are also a great convenience to home millinery, for they generally reproduce the most fashionable styles, and obviate the greatest difficulty a novice has to meet with, viz: covering a frame smoothly and satisfactorily with any material.

For those who do it, a paper pattern should be cut first, that is, fit the paper to the frame and make your pattern first before cutting into your material, or from this cut your covering. The crown piece goes on first, and should be smoothly pinned on and then caught down by long stitches, and lapping over the other.

The front is then cut and, as for some of the present shapes, the inside facing can be cut, also the two edges can be sewed together on the wrong side and then turned and slipped on the front edge of the hat, and the seam comes directly on the edge.

The black velvet-covered shapes are quite well made, and save the worker all this trouble, for, like felt, one can add to it any kind of trimming one likes. They are from $2 up to $2 50 each. Their shapes at present are like the felt, the close cottage, or the Normandy style.

Bonnet frames are in black and white rut or buckram, and are from 20 cents up to 30 and 40 cents for imported frames. Three-quarters of a yard of silk or velvet is enough to cover a bonnet and make some of the trimming, but if this is elaborate it requires more. A yard strip of silk, velvet, or lace will make a half yard of pleating or rucking, but it should be on the bias.

For the bonnet lining a half yard of black lining silk is required; a round piece is fastened in the crown first, and a straight strip is hemmed on one side and a cord run through to draw it up; it is then tacked lightly on the wrong side on the inner edge of the brim, and then turned in on the crown.

Frames always appear larger after being covered by the materials, so allowances should be made for this result. Be careful as to the becomingness of the shape, for while the most fashionable may be the one desired, it is the last one to take, for by not being suited to one's face and style, the bonnet becomes a caricature. If one is particular about the general effect, a side view is frequently a good guide, for while the front view may be apparently the thing, the profile effect is the last one we would like to produce, and shows that the hat is not at all suited to one's style.

If this precaution was more frequently observed, there would be no unbecoming bonnets. It is also advisable to do this when we have trimmed the bonnet, for every one knows the grotesque appearance produced by a feather or flower, or even a bow not in the right place, but standing out at a stiff angle. Consult the shape of your head and what is becoming, and not so much what is the *haute nouveaute* of fashion.

How many people will see a pretty bonnet worn by some one, and have one just like it, regardless of its appropriateness. It is no longer pretty, because half the pretty effect is taken away by the different face inside.

While we may admire a pink or a blue bonnet, Nature never intended them for some faces, and those should never wear them; for even though they may be lovely bonnets, the effect of a black or a brown bonnet is much more lovely to such people.

Feathers should be firmly fastened in, but not plastered down; a long loose stitch here and there to keep it from being a toy of the wind, is necessary; and yet it must retain a soft waving or drooping effect. Scarfs should be loosely twisted, and only tacked where absolutely necessary. Some of the prettiest home-made trimmed bonnets I have ever seen were pinned, and not a stitch taken.

In making a bow, gather each loop into a fulness, and let the centre strap be drawn quite tightly around them; the loops should vary in length as well as the ends, and if of ribbon, let one or two of the short dented ends stand up and others down.

Do not overload a bonnet with trimming merely because you have plenty to use, and if you have two pretty ornaments or feathers do not use them both if not necessary merely because you wish them seen, but reserve one for another bonnet or to vary the trimming already in use, as changing a feather on a bonnet makes it look fresh and new again.

With all these hints I am quite sure the novice in home millinery will find some guiding help, but taste and a natural ability are very essential parts of success, and these can be acquired by a careful study and practicing on the subject.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

CORR. (Phila., Pa.)—Printing by steam is 1818, but not much practiced.

T. G. (Coryell, Texas.)—If you really love the young person so tenderly you should marry her.

SANS REF. (Miami, Ind.)—The barometer was invented in 1643; gunpowder in 1330. Glass was made in England as long back as 661.

FAITHFUL (Media, Pa.)—Excessive smoking is injurious, because it extracts the saliva and decreases the nourishment of the lungs.

D. F. H. (Lancaster, Pa.)—Amongst the great English poets may be mentioned Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Chaucer, Gray, Spenser, and Dryden.

REARER (Newport, N. J.)—You had better make inquiries of your family physician or druggist, who will no doubt give you the address of some reliable artist.

H. M. (Phila.)—Mr. Macready, the actor, made his first appearance at the Drury Lane theatre, London, in 1816. Talma, the famous French tragedian, died in 1826.

HEIGHTON, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—You ought undoubtedly to give the first dance to the gentleman who takes you into the ball-room. 2. Your writing is very good.

AMBITION (Phila.)—Think of some other profession than the stage; ninety-nine out of every hundred who enter therein with the brightest hopes experience the bitterest disappointment.

W. E. D. (Davidson, Tenn.)—A knowledge of music, French, dancing, and all the usual branches of a superior education, is requisite on the part of a young lady seeking to become a governess.

NUNCUPATUS. (Red River, La.)—A testimentary disposition drawn on a common sheet of paper, provided it be duly witnessed, and the testator shown to be sane when making it, is perfectly valid.

H. D. (Phila., Pa.)—Sea water does not freeze. Icebergs are all fresh water; they are derived from the glaciers, which they break away as they slide down into the sea from mountains in the cold regions.

INQUIRER (Phila., Pa.)—The axis of the world in astronomy is an imaginary right line passing thro' the centre of the earth from the north to the south pole about which the sphere revolves in its diurnal rotation.

SUBSCRIBER (Nashville, Tenn.)—The "Alexis" revolver sold by Messrs. G. W. Turner & Sons, Boston, would probably suit your requirements both in the matter of cheapness of price and excellence of workmanship.

AMATEUR (Orleans, Vt.)—Nitrous oxide is easily prepared by gently boiling nitrate of ammonia in a glass retort. The gas can be collected in a large bladder, made limp with water, and tied upon the neck of the retort.

UNDECIDED (Bartour, Ala.)—It is not a good practice for a young lady to get into. She should be very careful to whom she gives her photos or the possession of one of them by some questionable person may occasion her great annoyance.

MALTHUS (Crawford, Ark.)—An increase of two per cent. in every ten years would double mankind in 350 years. An increase of five per cent. in 10 years and of ten per cent. in seventy-three years, of thirty-two per cent. in twenty-five years.

W. L. (Benton, Tenn.)—According to history, the ancients lived much longer than ourselves. The fair Helen, whose incontinence caused the downfall of Troy, is represented to have been past forty when she captivated young Paris by her charms.

BOTTOM (Manayunk, Pa.)—The heathen mythology made Pyramus and Thisbe lovers, who killed themselves with the same sword, and whose blood changed the color of the berries of the mulberry tree, under which they died from white to purple.

WALTER (Jackson, Iowa.)—Milton was paid 5 for "Paradise Lost," Pope $3,000 for his translation of Homer's "Iliad." The greatest price ever paid by a publisher were those paid on a certain occasion to Lord Byron, by Mr. Murray, of London.

HORSEY, (Columbia, S. Y.)—The age you mention is far too young to walk out with a young gentleman. You are both too young to act the part of lovers for several years to come; to do so would be imprudent in the extreme. Redness of complexion cannot be cured.

MANX (Chenango, N. Y.)—You have been teasing your lover and now you are sorry for it. Your conduct has been most foolish, and you cannot be surprised at his coolness. The next time he addresses you adopt a conciliatory demeanor, and we dare say all will yet be well.

T. S. MANNING (Rockingham, Va.)—The greatest victory gained by the Duke of Wellington was decidedly that of Waterloo, fought June 18, 1815. Perhaps no more important conflict ever took place in the world's history. His other achievements were in the Spanish peninsula.

JANET (Vineland, N. J.)—We should not advise any young person who is a perfect stranger to us, what course to pursue "to earn her own livelihood and be independent of her friends." The desire is a very proper one, but it is precisely those friends whom she ought to consult.

MINNIE (Monmouth, N. J.)—When a gentleman looks in a pointed manner at a young lady, the more modest and decorous course for the lady to pursue is to immediately avert her face, rather than return the stare, as so doing might be interpreted an encouragement to further advances.

IGNORANTE (Barnstable, Mass.)—When a young lady receives the attentions of one young gentleman she should not walk alone with another. Nothing is more erroneous than the hope of securing a man's love by provoking his jealousy. You may confess without much humiliation to your lover that you were in error.

LUKE (Walter, O.)—We cannot tell you why in the pictures of St. Luke an ox is represented. Luke was a Gentile, a writer of pure Greek, the companion of Paul, and evidently a man of education. The allegorical ox's head does not relate in any way to the evangelist's occupation before becoming a Christian, for he was neither a butcher nor a drover, but a physician.

J. (Woodbury, N. J.)—The chances are that if your eyes are not too much injured that you can be cured. Many persons have used glasses for short-sightedness, and after a time were able to dispense with them without inconvenience. The charges of an oculist for consultation vary from a dollar or two to hundreds. See your family doctor or the resident physician about the matter and take his advice. 2. Your handwriting if a trifle larger would be excellent for clerk or office use.

W. H. H. (Strafford, N. H.)—It is perhaps impossible to give a satisfactory definition of affectation, as it is impossible to convince affected people that they are affected. They all assert that it is quite natural to them and that they are not aware of any effortor intention when showing off their airs. This they think is proof positive in respect to themselves, but they will not accept of such evidence on behalf of others.

E. T. G. (Elmore, Ala.)—If you are satisfied he has only your welfare in view in offering to give you up, stick by him and tell him you are ready to wait. It is a good sign when a young man is appreciative of the responsibilities of matrimony, though if a girl loves him and he loves her, he is foolish to break his vows with her because he has not got the money to support her. He should rather be stimulated to work harder to support her.

S. B. (Elkton, Md.)—You say the young lady has broken her engagement with you four times, and yet you now want to know if it would do to trust her again, and if she would be apt to make a good wife in whom you could confide? One thing seems to be pretty clear, and that is, that the girl can trifle with you to her heart's content, or else she could never have played with you for years as she seems to have done. If you had proper self-respect you would put an end to such work, and leave the flirt to find some other victim.

MURPHY (Kent, Mich.)—The crescent is one among many standards used by the Turks as a symbol of their dominion in connection with their religion. It is used also as an instrument or ornament. The origin of its use in both ways may have arisen from the following fact: Mahomet in the protection of his religion paid to his followers "When you see the new moon be in the fast," and to this day the fast is not begun until some one testifies that he has seen the new moon.

DAWSON (Rhea, Tenn.)—The whole story is a fiction or work of imagination from beginning to end in its plot, characters, descriptions of things, places, etc. Consequently those you refer to will also come under this head, and the fact that you were not able to recognize the alleged scenes of the novel is not to be wondered at. It is regarded as a strange and striking work, but altogether too romantic and improbable and while calculated to excite attention and interest during its perusal is hardly remembered with pleasure or profit.

NICOLLET (St. Paul, Minn.)—The meaning of the Latin words habeas corpus is simply "that you may have the body." For personal liberty the habeas corpus is of great importance; because so long as this statute exists, no citizen can remain in prison, except in those cases where the law justifies and requires such detainer. The Habeas Corpus Act can only be suspended in cases of extreme emergency, during which suspension suspected persons may be imprisoned without assigning any reason for its being done. In such cases the nation parts with a portion of its liberty for a time.

E. J. K. (McLean, Ill.)—You must be temporarily out of your mind to ever think of marrying any young lady who is so near a relative as your niece. Your raving about "not caring whether the world censures or approves, nor whether it smiles or frowns so long as you have the approval of that person whose watchful care not a sparrow's fall without his notice," is sheer blasphemy. How do you know that you have such approval? You are probably in that state or condition which may be designated as "love cracked," and should call upon your friends to look sharply after you, with a view to keeping you from committing a folly so great as to amount to a crime.

CHARLES (Frankfort, Ky.)—Where intermeddling relatives have succeeded in estranging a gentleman from the young lady to whom he was engaged by slandering her to him, she should, on learning what has occurred, at once take measures to place her lover in possession of all the facts of the case, and then leave him to do what may appear right to him. It seems to us that no true-hearted man would give credence to reports against the character of a woman he truly loved, and seek to break an engagement with her, without first taking counsel with her, and giving her an opportunity to vindicate herself.

PEG (Madison, Miss.)—There could be no harm in your cultivating